

Road to Kingdom

– Oukoku e Tsuzuku Michi –

- Volume 11 -

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[Light Novels Translations]

Chapter 146

Patrolling Failure

-Aegir POV-

“Ah, feudal lord-sama, welcome~”

When I open the door of the shop, I hear a gentle and calm voice.

The place I came to is of course the little restaurant setup for Leticia, though it serves more home-cooking rather than restaurant-style dishes.

“I assume there are no problems?”

“No~ I’m really thankful to the feudal lord-sama.”

I can hear the sizzling sound of meat being cooked from Leticia’s kitchen. Lunchtime is already over and the place is closed until evening. That’s why I’m able to talk with Leticia like this while enjoying a meal.

“The customers are all nice people too. It’s a full house everyday since I’ve been given a shop like this in such a nice location.”

Leticia’s shop is certainly not the biggest, with three tables and a few seats at the counter, so the two employees can manage to serve everyone even when the place is packed. In return, they are not able to make huge profits, but it should be enough for the two siblings to live well.

“But... after all the trouble of getting cheap ingredients, I want it the price to be cheaper for the customers too.”

“You shouldn’t do that.”

It was arranged especially for Leticia for the ingredients to be supplied at a cheaper price. However, if they only applied the cost of labor to the price, the surrounding shops would think their own prices are too expensive. Adolph said that wouldn’t be good.

“Nothing scary happened?”

“No, I haven’t been raped even once ever since I moved here!”

I think it’s wrong to expect to be raped at every available chance though.

Leticia and them live on the second floor of the shop. The place is located on the intersection of the main road and in the heart of the city, and while there might be places where light doesn’t reach in the darkness of night, the guardroom is stationed nearby. Someone would have to be insane to rob or rape from this building.

“Sorry to keep you waiting~”

Leticia brings out some dishes on a tray – Steak, salad, soup, some soft-looking bread, and some wine. It isn’t anything extraordinary, but it’s delicious.

“Is it fine to drink during the day? Ufufu.”

“A little bit should be fine.”

Putting my arm around Leticia, who is pouring wine beside me, and hugging her close to me makes my meal taste much better.

I finish eating and the after-meal tea is served.

“Then if you will allow me.”

“Please.”

At the same time, Leticia removes the chair opposite to me and crawls under the table. She opens the front of my pants and my cock, which has gotten a little hard from anticipating this moment, is sucked into her plump, juicy lips.

“Your lips are so lewd.”

“Nnmoh...”

After feeling a little embarrassed, Leticia takes my cock deeper and uses her tongue to lick my entire length. It’s because of this that I make an effort to have lunch at this place, even if I have to change my plans a little.

“Show me your breasts too.”

I reach towards her chest and open the front to reveal her large breasts. They're big enough to be considered large tits, but they are soft in addition to being big. When I squeeze her tits, it feels like my hands are sinking in. It isn't just her breasts, but her entire body has a soft, fluffy feeling which entices men.

“Naa...”

Leticia continues to service me with her mouth, though I reach down under the table and pull her out and stick my hand in her crotch. Her vagina feels soft too, making me want to put my dick in her soon.

“I'm sorry~”

The girl uses her hand to lightly cover her exposed butt and rejects me.

“It's fine, isn't it?... let me embrace you.”

I hug Leticia from behind and rub my meat rod against her ass, although she always shifts away just when it looks like my dick will enter her.

“I also like the feudal lord-sama a lot and want to be embraced but...”

“Is it ‘that’ condition?”

“Please and thank you~”

“Mumu...”

It seems Leticia is perfectly willing to be embraced by me, to become my lover and to even bear my children, but there is one condition for all of that.

“Um... me too...”

She wants me to embrace her younger brother, Sharon, as well. Even now, he is beside me rubbing his dick desperately. Despite being his elder sister, it would be natural for him to lust for Leticia's body which one would expect at least 14 men to direct their

lust towards it, but that guy isn't looking at her exposed genitals or ass and is clearly being directed at my dick.

His appearance is easily mistaken for a woman's and he even wears female clothing in the restaurant when serving customers, but that thing sprouting out from his crotch, while small, is still a dick.

"I'm stretching my ass everyday for Hardlett-sama! It's okay to do it whenever you want!"

It's not okay for me, since it feels like the world would change in a lot of ways if I penetrate a guy's ass. But looking at him now, Sharon isn't hairy and has a girlish face and voice. If only this thing wasn't attached to him, I could enjoy these sisters together right now.

"Guh!"

In the end, I wasn't able to penetrate Leticia and release my seed fruitlessly on top of her ass.

"Hardlett-sama! Cuuum!!"

Matching the timing of my ejaculation, Sharon shoots his seed in his own hand. Not good.

"I'll always be waiting for you~"

"I'm also going to try to become more like a man Hardlett-sama prefers!"

I was actually thinking it would be fine to dig into Sharon's ass if I could taste Leticia even for a little bit.

Dangerous, dangerous.

Well, let's continue looking around.

"Count-sama! As expected! Your tool... aaaah!!"

When I came to inspect the theater, I encountered Lilian, who was taking a break during the downtime between programs, so we slipped away to an inn together. She

came up to me with her skirt rolled up, asking me if I had any time to spare, so there's no way I could refuse her.

She had her hands on the bed while I was standing behind her and thrusting, but I didn't have to lower my hips that much. It isn't because I have extremely short legs, it's just that Lilian's legs are fairly long.

"What pretty legs you have, incredibly stylish, but... don't you think it's a little too skinny?"

"You look fatter than you think on stage so I thought it would be perfect if I became a little skinnier."

Is that how it is?

But what can I say about a girl who prioritizes plays so much, yet invites me to have sex with her when she's taking a break from the stage.

I occasionally call her to the mansion in Rafen to embrace her, but there are many times she turns me down on the day before a play because she would feel too fatigued.

"The program this time has an erotic scene in it, so if I get fucked by the Count-sama, I can understand how it feels to become a prisoner of a pleasure-crazed man."

She said something flattering.

In that case, I'll make sure I thrust into her repeatedly to meet her expectations.

Lilian appears in many different types of programs ranging from refined programs geared towards nobles and large merchants and short programs suited more for the commoners, and it is broken down further into different roles in both cases, where she isn't particularly choosy about playing roles going from a high class princess to a lowly prostitute. Many people would go to the theater just to see her.

"Aggh!"

"Uuu!!"

I ejaculate after one last thrust, my arousal rising even further when I think about how I'm releasing my seed into Lilian, who is admired by everyone and is an object of envy to others. It feels like I came more than usual.

When I finish ejaculating, the two of us roll on the bed together.

“That was amazingly good. Is your body okay?”

“Yes, being an actress is physical labor after all... actually I have one more request today.”

“What is it?”

“Come out.”

The door opens and a female shyly makes her appearance. She looks to be about 18 years old, her face is more cute than pretty and her breasts are pretty big.

“This girl is going to be performing an important role for the first time in the program this time. It’s a role where she clings to the protagonist in tears after being violated by a corrupt noble, but as I was thinking why her acting was so awkward, I found out she’s a virgin.”

“...I don’t really know how to act like I’m being violated.”

The girl mutters in a rather adorable voice.

“That’s why I want the Count-sama to rape this girl.”

“Please.”

It’s new and exciting for a girl to count on me to rape them. I know it’s to help her with her role, but is she alright with giving up her virginity like that?

“Yes! I want to become an incredible actress like Lilian-san too! For that sake, I don’t mind getting my hymen torn once or twice!”

“If you want to be first-class, you need to at least have that much resolve.”

I see, what a harsh world they are living in.

“Stay still! I’m your master, so listen to what I say!”

“Nooo! Master, please forgive me!”

“Be quiet, I’m using this inexcusable body of yours. You were trying to seduce me, weren’t you.”

I push the girl on the bed and get into the missionary position, rip the maid outfit the girl was wearing and forcefully grab her breasts, since she told me she didn’t mind.

“That’s not it! Noo, noooo! Someoneee!!”

“Nobody’s going to come and save you. Just give up and spread your legs!”

I use one hand to grab her legs, which are as slender as Lilian’s legs, and easily push her legs open wide.

“Help me Steve! Stevee.”

“Hahaha, is that the name of your lover? However, he isn’t going to be the one who takes your virginity. It’s... my dick!!”

I grab her hips and forcibly penetrate her. I’ve done rape-play in the past before but this is the first time I actually tore someone’s hymen.

“Hiiiiii—! It hurttttsssssss!! I don’t want thisssss! It’s really thiccckkkkkkkkkkkkk!! It’s tearing meeeeee.”

It looks like it actually hurts, but I don’t have the ability to see through acting.

“Ooh, it’s tight and feels really good.”

I purposely slam my hips against her loud enough for her to hear. The way she really clenches down on me feels nice. I also fondle her large, ready-to-touch tits.

“I’m cumming! Get pregnant!”

“Hiii! A-at least do it outside... anything but that-”

“Nope, as if I would pull out from this pleasurable hole. I’m gonna cum like this.”

“Stop! So cruel of you! Don’ttttt!!”

The girl pounds her fists into my chest and stomach but she has absolutely no strength. I pay her no mind and continue to pound her, finishing off by pulling my cock as far out it can go without leaving the hole and then ramming it deep into her, ejaculating into the depths of her womb.

“Noooooooooooooooooooo!!!”

I release my semen as she lets out an agonizing cry, hold down her tear-stained face and give her a kiss.

“Nngh! Nnnnnnh-!!”

She put up a strong resistance similar to when I first took her virginity, but when I use my tongue to stir up the inside of her mouth, she gives up and relaxes her arms and legs.

“You have a pretty nice body. I’ll be using you again later, so come immediately when I summon you. Got it?”

“Eeegh... uuuu... fueeh...”

I pull my dick covered in virgin blood from the woman who continues to cry, put my clothes on quickly and leave the room. Lilian told me to leave after fucking her to recreate a real-life situation as closely as possible.

I’m leaving the inn with mixed feelings from actually raping her. Although with that said, there’s no way someone would consent to getting their virginity taken through rape. Let’s just believe this was a special kind of play.

“What did you think of that virgin?”

Lilian follows after me a brief moment after I left the inn.

It seems that girl was immersing herself in the lingering feeling of loss.

“It was pretty good. She had a nice body, so then...”

“Yes, the next opportunity would be for me to feel the pain of being a virgin.”

She gets straight to the point; Lilian’s acting in bed is perfect so I wouldn’t be able to tell the difference. I’m looking forward to the next time.

Now, let’s continue looking around.

“That was incredible... as I thought, getting fucked by the feudal lord-sama is the best...”

The one lying exhausted on the bed beside me is one of the prostitutes I’m acquainted with. But she isn’t working right now.

“But is it really alright? Even though I used your ass this time... you have a kid in your stomach, right?”

“I’m still okay, plus I’m really lewd. If I don’t get a guy in my body every once in a while, it’ll be bad for me.”

This girl went to Lintbloom about two months ago, but got pregnant and came back here. The father of the child in her stomach is one of her customers but it seems she consciously chose not to use contraception.

“Working in this trade really makes you want a family. You have friends to help you out so you can somehow manage to raise the kid too.”

“But you can’t work after getting pregnant. Are you okay in terms of money?”

“Yes, with Lintbloom being dangerous, there are miners and guys all over the place. Prostitutes are basically treated as angels and all the men fawn over us. For me, it’s normal to get four customers at a time twice, in the morning and at night.”

With no sunlight reaching the inside of a mine, they don’t know when it’s afternoon or night, but the miners rotate working afternoon and night shifts. This girl seems to be matching their scheduled rest time and works twice during those hours.

“My body’s pretty nice, right? Even at two silver, customers come flocking to me. There are times I earned ten gold in a week. That’s why I’ll be fine raising a kid... although there are various issues related with companies that lowered the price slightly.”

She’s quite strong-willed.

Just when I was thinking to contribute to help her and pulled out my wallet, she softly places her hand on mine.

“I don’t need the money, you’ve been treating me well all this time so I don’t want to treat this as work.”

“I understand. If you’re ever in a bind, don’t hesitate to drop by the mansion.”

“Yes, I know. I love you, feudal lord-sama.”

We exchange a light kiss and dress myself.

Where should I go next to find girls?

Night

After finishing dinner, I remain seated at the table to enjoy desserts and tea served after the meal.

“...Aegir-sama, did you go check on the situation regarding the harvesting of wheat?”

Everyone is relaxing, but Celia has a sour look on her face.

“Well, at lot of things happened.”

“And about how many people “happened”?”

“Maybe eight?”

“...”

“It can’t be helped. I’ll go tomorrow.”

"I'll accompany you tomorrow then!"

I can't sleep with any girls if Celia comes along.

"If you scatter your seed around so much, the entire town will be filled with Aegir-sama's kids, you know?"

What an exaggeration, there are 16,000 people in Rafen. Half of them are males, and even if we assume half of the remaining number are elderly and children, there are only 4000 women of suitable age.

Even if I sleep with 10 people everyday... it would take me a year.

"Please be more diligent! Even now, you have someone secretly under the table, don't you!?"

Celia is in a huff, letting out a 'Geez!'.

And then, there was the sound of someone hitting their head under the table.

"..."

"...Ahem."

The tablecloth is lifted up and Rita slowly appears out from under the table, and coughs once. She wipes the seed dripping from her mouth and stands behind me as if nothing happened.

"You're pregnant, so don't push yourself."

"I'm grateful for your concern. But I can't calm down if I don't have some of Hardlett-sama's semen."

"Is that so, then suck on it again."

"Of course."

Celia was angry to the point she couldn't make a sound, while I think to myself that I'll go around tomorrow to make a diligent inspection.

Abstaining for half a day starting from the morning is mortifying but I'll show her I can endure it.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Count. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 146,000. Central City Rafen: 16,000

Troops Commanded: 4000, 1000 in reserve

Assets: 44,900 gold (Reserve Recruitment -300) Loan: 20 000 gold

Weapons: Dual Crater (large sword), Dwarf's Spear, High-grade Steel One-handed Sword

Family: Nonna (wife), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (Self-declared Sex Slave), Casie (ghost), Miti (betrothed), Alma, Kroll (non-virgin), Melissa (lover), Maria (betrothed), Rita (pregnant head maid), Catherine (betrothed), Yoguri (pregnant Neo Neet), Pipi (follower), Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital), Celestina (Refugee Queen), Monica (Lady-in-waiting)
Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina (daughter), Antonio, Claude, Gilbard (son), Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby (Luna's follower and lover), Myla (peace officer), Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Gido (escort), Tristan (follower), Claire & Laurie (Official Merchant), Schwartz (horse), Lilian (actress)

Sexual Partners: 134, children who have been born: 31

Chapter 147

Preparation for War

-Aegir POV-

“Well if it isn’t the feudal lord-sama, are you making your rounds?”

“Yeah, is the harvesting work progressing smoothly?”

“I have been growing wheat for quite some time, but I have never seen a harvest like this! As the village chief, it fills me with happiness.”

With Celia accompanying me, we make our way around to the villages surrounding Rafen. As expected, it would take several nights just to inspect the harvest situation.

Even looking from Rafen, I can tell the harvest is doing well because of the golden color of wheat dominating the fields outside the city walls. But judging from his face, it seems like a really big deal from the village chief’s position.

“There was little to no labor required during planting season, and manure and water was used in bountiful amounts. In addition, we have iron farming tools and farming horses, so it could only be due to our incompetence if we had a poor harvest!”

I guess this is the result of Adolph’s hard work.

But there is a strange difference when contrasting the expression of the happy village chief and the harvesting farmers, since they don’t look like they are putting their backs into their work.

“Aah, don’t mind them. They were once people who were abandoned after working hard for their hometown, and they just think that there will be an additional tax collected when the feudal lord comes during harvest season.”

“I see... I won’t take any extra tax! So work hard!!”

After I shouted, the farmers look relieved and hasten their harvesting work.

“So, feudal lord-sama, is that rumor true?”

“What rumor?”

“That if we offer you a young girl, a portion of the tax will be reduced...”

Some girls from the village are listening while waiting fearfully behind the village chief.

So they’re going to let me embrace them if I say yes? I’m not that much of a sex beast.

“Don’t say something so stupid and get back to work!”

“I-I’m terribly sorry!”

The village chief hurriedly steps down and the girls disappear after screaming ‘kyaa’. I guess it’s a bit of a waste.

“It’s because of your habitual behavior that they hear rumors like that. Please act in a more dignified manner.”

How cheeky of you to say, Celia. Here’s what you get.

“Ah-! Don’t tie up my hair... aah! It’s in a square knot nowww!”

Well, let’s call Schwartz over and move on to the next village.
As we look around for where that horse went off to,

“Wait! What’s with this horse, he’s mating with our Herth!”

“Isn’t this the feudal lord-sama’s horse... er wait! His dick’s huge! It’s going to tear Herth!”

“But... she’s in ecstasy. I thought this one was getting old... but she’s still a female.”

That idiot is riding a farming horse and swinging his hips. He looks over at us and neighs as if he wants us to wait a minute.

Why do I have to wait for him to finish mating?

“You two are like peas in a pod.”

Damnit Celia, I'll pretend to pat your head gently, but I'll tie a big butterfly knot in your hair.

“This idiot of ours as caused you trouble.”

The two peasant females stare blankly at the mating animals; one looks to be over 50 years old and the other looks slightly younger than 40.

“Here is my way of apologizing.”

“No, no it's nothi-... eeh!? Nmmu!”

I gently grab the face of the 40 year old woman and kiss her lips. It didn't take too long after our lips met that her mouth opens slightly. Without delay, I thrust my tongue into her mouth, tangling with the woman's trembling tongue.

The passionate kiss involving the messy swapping of spit lasted for about 10 minutes. In the meantime, I can hear Schwartz pulling his dick out beside us. It seems he's finished mating.

How impressive, this perverted horse is able to make the female one collapse in exhaustion.

The timing was perfect, so I end our kissing, jump on Schwartz and leave the village behind. When our lips separated, the 40-year-old woman's knees become weak and she falls to the ground.

“I'll be going now. Take care.”

“Y-yes...”

The 50-year-old woman watches us ride off with a dumbfounded look on her face.

“Feudal lord-sama... m-more please...”

The 40-year-old woman remains seated on the ground, looking at me with wet, steamy eyes. But I won't be able to avoid being criticized as a sex-obsessed feudal lord if I embrace this likely married woman outside in the middle of the day.

I'm a man with common sense.
I can only leave gallantly in this situation.

"Hey, Kakaa, what's wrong? You're just collapsed here. We're so busy with the harvest we can use all the help we can get, so if you're free..."

"Oh dear, perfect timing, let's make a child!"

"Haah, what are you saying? We already have six kids in the family, and you're already getting old so didn't you decide you wanted to stop? And also when it's so damn busy..."

"Whatever, just come! You're a quick shooter, so it'll be over in 10 minutes."

"Why are you so horny?! What on earth happened to you, Ma?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

The population increasing in number is a good thing.
I did something good again.

"Geez!"

Celia looks pretty unhappy, so I'll try cheering her up by patting her head.
She seems embarrassed perhaps because the villagers can see her, but they're just laughing at the large butterfly knot on your head.

After that, Celia and I went around to several other villagers, but everywhere we went, the farmers were cheerful because of the abundant harvest. Adolph thoroughly prepared the flood control and cultivated the land in the areas around Rafen in the early stages of ruling and now that effort is being returned in the form of harvest.

There is a clear difference between the land now and newly acquired land. There have also been people recently who want to migrate to my territory and live in Rafen or one of the surrounding villages. With that said, there is a finite amount of land and there isn't an unlimited number of job openings in Rafen. That is where I stop thinking.

"Why am I troubling myself with domestic affairs?"

“Isn’t it because you’re the feudal lord?”

While we are away from the public eye, Celia rides with me on Schwartz, sitting in front of me.

“All the villages we went to thought that they could reduce the tax by providing a young girl for you to embrace.”

Most of them were above middle-aged so I was able to hold back, but there was a pretty girl in one of the villages so it was a little dangerous. My crotch was really bulging out, but Celia helped me before I laid hands on her.

“Aegir-sama will one day get his body destroyed because of a woman.”

“That’s what I want.”

“Geez! That’s not good!”

Celia makes a fuss in my arms, but I hug her tightly, rubbing her breasts and neck. My dick has already gotten hard and is pushing up against her cute ass.

“...”

“You don’t want it?”

“...It’s just that we’re in a busy area, so just the pants...”

Celia pulls down only her short pants, revealing her ass. My dick searches for her precious little hole and pushes against the entrance...

“This is quite the mess. It might cause a flood.”

“Uuu-, you don’t have to say it. It’s impossible for someone not to get wet in the arms of the person they love!”

“Alright, alright.”

I get Celia to ride on my hips while remaining on the horse, and Schwartz starts to move strangely. His body rocks as if he was travelling on rough ground and the

movement caused my dick to dig deep into Celia.

“Hey! Schwartz! Don’t... so deep!”

This guy’s doing it on purpose.

Celia was unable to endure the feeling of being pierced so deep by my cock. She quickly orgasms, then sprays her juices on Schwartz’s mane. The stupid horse neighs, satisfied with what he accomplished, but he hasn’t seen anything yet.

“I’m cumming too!”

I continue thrusting until the last second, then pull my cock out of Celia and squeeze it in between her thighs before ejaculating, getting the sudden burst of semen all over Schwartz’s head.

Feeling the suspicious sensation on his neck, Schwartz twists his head to smell the substance, but as soon as he does, he lets out a loud neigh and accelerates. Hahaha, did he learn his lesson?

Schwartz finds a small river and dips his head in the water, but he wasn’t able to wash it off easily.

After that, he wouldn’t let me ride on his back no matter what, so I had no choice but to ride with Celia on her horse on the way home.

“I’m glad that you managed to complete a proper inspection this time.”

Back in Rafen, Celia covers her face when she hears Adolph greet us. She did climax several times after all.

Schwartz, who had been in a bad mood, cheers up when he gets into the stable. I could hear another horse neigh from the widely-constructed stable.

The horse was a young female one who couldn’t run well after injuring her leg in battle, and would normally be disposed of and turned into horse meat, but Schwartz seemed to be persistently concerned about her, so she was placed into the same stable with him. It seems his definition of “looking after her” is to have sex with her everyday,

since that's what I see whenever I check up on them during my free time. The mating season for horses is usually in spring but Schwartz seems to be horny throughout the entire year.

The female understands she's been saved, and doesn't reject his daily advances, even feeling dejected and lonely during the times when Schwartz and I are away.

She also seems to know that he has mated with other horses on the outside, and rubs her body against Schwartz as if to replace the scent on his large body with her own.

He really is an inexcusable perverted horse, repeatedly riding on other mares even though he has a female that thinks of him so much.

“... that's right.”

What was the pause for?

“Then, I'll talk about the tax revenue and the like for autumn.”

Everyone has been gathered in the office for a meeting. I take it easy, drinking tea and putting Pipi in between my legs so I can stroke her. Celia is trying to listen diligently so my hand feels lonely.

Pipi writhes around as I stroke the bottom of her neck, and the meeting ends when I pat her playfully. I'll have to ask Celia to show me her memo later.

Income

Harvest Tax – Wheat Sales (payment in kind)

15,000 gold

Mine Tax

12,000 gold

Other, Direct Trade

3000 gold

Subtotal: 30,000 gold

Expenses

Army Maintenance Cost, Wages, etc.

24,000 gold

Rafen Mansion Maintenance, Management (Servant Wages)

2000 gold

City Guards Maintenance

2000 gold

Paid Labor

4000 gold

Subtotal: 32,0000 gold

Grand Total: -2000 gold

“A-amazing...”

Looking at Celia’s trademark memo after the meeting, Melissa, Maria and Mireille are in shock. This should be the normal reaction, but the reactions of the other girls seem dull in comparison. Nonna and Catherine were originally great nobles so this isn’t much to them, whereas Leah and Pipi don’t quite understand the value of money yet.

“So you really are a great noble...”

“And you are that great noble’s lover.”

It hasn’t been too long since Mireille came to Rafen so she might not have been too aware.

“In that case, I can rest assured... for those kids too.”

“Haha, but in return, you will also act as my sacrifice today.”

“I know. I’m looking forward to how you’re going to eat me today.”

The small village Mireille was from will be exempt from tax as long as I'm alive. On the other hand, everyone in the village which treated Mel coldly are trembling in fear. It's not like I'm going to do anything though.

"But to think we're still in the red. It's surprising."

Adolph said the revenue was turning around so I thought for sure we would be in the black.

"It's a good thing Adolph-san isn't here. If he knew you weren't listening at all, it would pile additional anxiety on him again."

It seems there is more harvest than it appears even if the tax to the Kingdom is deducted, but is being kept as wheat and stockpiled instead of being sold. There is the rebellion with Malt Kingdom too, so the situation doesn't really allow for wheat to be traded. The thinking is probably that we can manage somehow if we run out of gold by borrowing or beating down some people, but the citizens would quickly die of starvation if we run out of food supplies.

In addition, if there is going to be a war in the future, the price of grain will definitely jump in price, so everything besides the amount needed by the merchants are stored away.

"The mine tax and trade has really increased dramatically. I did joke around and said that as long as Aegir-sama doesn't overdo things, you wouldn't be troubled with debt anymore but... you weren't listening, I guess."

"Sorry, I was absorbed in petting Pipi."

"Muu"

Celia becomes timid.

"It's because of you that I'm saved. Come on, I'll pet you too, so come over."

"Muu..."

While remaining sullen, she brings her head over to me.

When I pat her, she instantly cheers up – what a cutie.

Soon after the meeting was over, a messenger came from Erich, telling me to convene in the capital, and that he's bringing his troops and leading the Kingdom's army as well.

There is still time remaining in the ceasefire agreement. But the ceasefire only prevents the parties of the agreement from attacking, so they are free to brandish their forces as they please. And when the time has expired, it is possible to attack with full force – which is probably what the other side is thinking too.

"It's starting, eh?"

"Were you bored?"

I chat with Leopolt as I read the letter telling me to convene.

"..."

Leopolt doesn't reply. But a tiny smile appears on his face.

I'm the same – embracing girls is nice and all but I can't calm down if I don't fight in a war every so often.

Now, let's bring the entire army and call up the mountain nation as well.

It's the start of an exciting time.

Side Story: Maid's Tragedy?¹

There was a large crashing sound as a vase shatters.

"Aaaaaaaah!!"

"Ah, what have you done!!?"

When I was cleaning, my eager self was carefully wiping down the place, even the

underside, but I knocked over a vase. In that moment, the object sunk into the ground, creating a loud sound and breaking into many pieces. I quickly try to pick up the pieces, but there are so many that it's impossible to put back together.

"Noooooooooooo!"

After realizing the vase was completely broken, a scream I thought didn't belong to me leaked out. I've come to the mansion about a month ago as a live-in housekeeper, but I knew about this vase. It's a high-class item worth about 30 to 40 gold.

It's even more expensive than one year of my wages and there's no way I could compensate for the damages. If this was found out, there's no way I would be let off the hook.

"T-that's right, I can go to Rita-san!"

The strict head maid would get severely angry and might even hit me, but that's fine. I wouldn't know what to do if the madam finds out about this.

"What happened?"

I thought my heart stopped when I heard a male's voice, or perhaps it did actually stop for a second.

"M-master!"

This is the worst, the person who I didn't want to find out the most, found out. The senpai who was cleaning together with me, quickly created some distance between us. There's no time for me to hold a grudge against her for that though.

"Oh, did the vase break?"

"Aaaah..."

I have two parents and six siblings younger than me, who were all happy when they found out I was able to work at this mansion with good pay when we were struggling with tax and food costs... yet something like this happened.

I jump at the feet of the master.

“I’m terribly sorry! Oh please... I beg you... uuuuuu-!”

Genuine tears run down my face. What will happen to me, let alone my family. It might mean several of my siblings will be sold just from him demanding me to compensate for the damage.

“Hey, hey, what’s wrong? You didn’t get hurt, did you?”

“Waaaah!! I’m sorry!! I’m so sorryyyyy!”

“Yes! I didn’t break it!”

“Calm down a bit... you, clean it up.”

“Y-yes! I’m not related to this!”

The master lifts me up and tells my senpai to clean up the fragments. I’m still in a state of panic, so there was nothing I could do but continue to apologize.

“Don’t get so riled up, I’m not going to get angry. It’s not a big deal if you broke the vase.”

“I’m sorry... egh... I’m so sorry...”

I can’t really hear what the master is saying. I just cling to him and apologize again and again.

“Good grief... nevertheless, you have a pretty nice body. How old are you?”

I understand only the part where he asked me about my age.

“Egh, gusu! I’m 18... gusu.”

“Alright, good.”

The master walks to the corridor as he carries me, not to a punishment room... but just a regular bedroom. It’s a bedroom for guests if I recall correctly.

“There we go.”

He throws me on the bed and covers me with the sheets. The master quickly gets in the bed too.

“Um... I... the vase...”

I remain bewildered and couldn't say anything as the master kisses my lips and squirms in between my legs.

That reminds me, this is my first kiss... just when I was thinking that, the master climbs on top of me.

“Oow!!”

I could hear a rip or a similar sound coming from the inside of my body. I feel a sharp pain and an incredible pressure, but more importantly, I need to beg the master for forgiveness.

“Um... if you could please spare my family and let it just be my punishment?”

“Hm? Oh, were you still talking about the vase? It's fine, that kind of stuff happens. I won't blame you.”

“So you're forgiving me !?”

“Uu... Next time... guh... be careful. Could injure... uuu, too.”

I'm glad, since this was really the scariest point of my life. I exhale and then realize the master has gotten naked before I knew it and grabs my body.

“Guh, you loosened up and it went all the way in! Alright, I'm cumming!!”

“Yes?”

At that moment, a brawny, muscular arm hugs me and after a soft groan was let out by my ear, I can feel something hot flowing inside my body.

I probably regained my sense of touch because I'm relieved now. The sharp pain and pressure runs throughout my body and there was also an indescribable feeling, causing me to let out a short shriek before I feel my consciousness fading.

“Huh?”

When I open my eyes, I find myself in a room I’ve never seen before.

“Arara?”

I feel pain in my crotch and see a red flower stained on the sheets.

“Eeh-?”

My shoulders, chest, and even my thighs are covered with marks, probably a result of getting sucked on.

“Oryo?”

When I bend my body, an incredible amount of liquid is flowing out from my crotch, of course I have not used any contraceptives.

“I... did I get eaten?”

While I’m still dumbfounded, Rita-san and Sebastian-sama shows up and talks about different things. I was told not to disclose anything about the bed, I was told not to entertain any other men in return for receiving twice the amount of wages, and was additionally given a special sum of money on the spot.

On the next day off, it felt like a joke, but I was able to get the meat of the black beast, which I’ve never been able to try once because of how expensive it was, and let my family eat it.

Everyone seemed to think it was so delicious they might faint.

By the way, when the senpai who abandoned me found about how I was taken to bed with the master, she came crying in apology to me.

Everything was my fault so it didn’t sit well with me.

“...So, what are you doing?”

“I think it was this thick.”

I make a large circle with my arms.

“What is that, the size of the firewood? Isn’t that too big? It’s like the size of a thick log.”

“It really is, I’m surprised it went in.”

“In the furnace? It’s still too early for that.”

I’m really surprised it went in. I really have to praise myself for not breaking.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Count. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 146,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 16,000. Lintbloom: 1500.

Troops Commanded: 4000, 1600 in reserve

Assets: 22,900 gold (Profit from Grain Sales +15000) (Profit from Mine +12000) (Profit from Trade +3000) (Army Maintenance Expense -24000) (Mansion Maintenance -2000) (Guards -2000) (Labor -4000) (Reserve Recruitment -300)

Loan – paid in full (new)

Weapons: Dual Crater (large sword), Dwarf's Spear, High-grade Steel One-handed Sword

Family: Nonna (wife), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (Self-declared Sex Slave), Casie (ghost), Miti (betrothed), Alma, Kroll (non-virgin), Melissa (lover), Maria (betrothed), Rita (pregnant head maid), Catherine (betrothed), Yoguri (pregnant Neo Neet), Pipi (follower), Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital), Celestina (Refugee Queen), Monica (Lady-in-waiting)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina (daughter), Antonio, Claude, Gilbard (son), Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby (Luna's follower and lover), Myla (peace officer), Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Gido (escort), Tristan (follower), Claire & Laurie (Official Merchant), Schwartz (horse), Lilian (actress)

Sexual Partners: 135, children who have been born: 31

Chapter 148

End of the Ceasefire

-Aegir POV-

Capital: Goldonia

"You used quite a bit, didn't you."

"It's fine, this is the portion I'm offering. It would be annoying if anything out of the ordinary were to happen."

This army of mine which arrived in the capital consists of a fighting force with 4000 from the regular army, 4000 bow cavalry and about 600 from the reserve troops who are accompanying the transport unit. All members of the army, over 8000 in strength, will be heading straight to the capital, but a large amount of horse-pulled wagons are sticking closely behind them, following the soldiers after they depart from Rafen.

The caravan of over 100 wagons are all carrying wheat flour, transporting my portion of tax which was harvested from my territory as an offering to the capital.

I also had to prepare for the war and was told to hurry, plus I had a colossal amount of wheat to transport and didn't want to use the wagons, so I entrusted the transportation to Claire's Flicht Company. Of course, I had to pay the transportation fee, but if some of the goods were lost for any reason on the way, there was a condition in the contract stating they would compensate for it, however...

"We stuck close to you from the beginning to end."

"She's saving money on escort fees. I've completely lost in this regard."

They followed behind us without separating too far and didn't even bring along the minimum amount of escorts to protect them. My territory, especially the road leading north towards the capital, has no problems in terms of safety for the most part. However, the area in Erich's territory which continues to the capital, isn't one where

you could camp outside at night without stationing guards to keep watch, although it isn't experiencing any political strife either. Of course, it is safe to assume a group of peerless bandits who would try to steal from an entire army does not exist. There was a small incident before though.

"Then it would have been cheaper just to borrow the wagons."

"Easier said than done. There's no way to win against Claire when it comes to business and money talks."

I only have the advantage when battling her in bed.

"Hardlett-dono! The vassal lords' armies seem to be running late."

"Leave them, it's nothing to fret about, they'll come eventually."

"They're really useless, aren't they?"

Myla sighs at Irijina's loud remark.

This convening of troops includes all the territory nobles, so naturally, me and the other neighboring territory nobles are sending soldiers as well.

At first glance, 8000 total soldiers may seem like a decent amount, but a large majority of them are conscripted peasants, who were not given much training, meaning the difference in skill between my soldiers is clear as day. There was also the time we conducted a training exercise, where a squad of 1000 was beaten black and blue by Myla and her 200 troops.

"More importantly, the problem is the mobility speed is too slow."

Leopolt doesn't seem to have much expectations of them either. However because of their standing, they'll probably be deployed close to me.

"They're a wall. If they don't arrange themselves well, they will become a hindrance to us."

"Don't screw up that part. Don't be so obvious when using them as sacrificial pawns, you hear?"

“Yessir, I’ll be more discreet.”

“It would be nice if Erich took command over them though.”

That probably won’t happen, since even I’m not willing.

“That brigade...”

“Yeah, no doubt about it. It’s Lord Hardlett’s army.”

“So that’s the black flag...”

As the merchants and travellers pass beside us, they whisper something to each other.

“They even know about the flag.”

“It appears you’re quite famous in the capital. Aegir-sama’s feats make the best gossip material after all.”

I guess the poets and storytellers are embellishing my accomplishments.

“He cut away 10 people in one swing of his spear...”

It’s probably closer to 8.

“He massacred everyone even though it was 20 against 1...”

I could do that if it’s necessary, otherwise I’ll stay back.

Why would I do something so dangerous?

“He’s able to satisfy 30 women all at once...”

That is actually true.

Plus, 20 of them got pregnant.

As I respond to those unfounded rumors, the lords’ armies finally catches up from behind us. It wasn’t like we were marching in a hurry, so why did they get separated that far even while we’re walking at a normal pace.

“Leopolt, I’m heading to the palace so take the army to the garrison. Myla, you do the same too.”

Leopolt has no rank, so it would be troublesome if it starts an argument with the other nobles. Myla has a rank, but there is a silent understanding that she's my woman too, so she'll probably be able to push her way through.

"Yessir."

"Yessir!"

The Kingdom's army, while hurriedly constructed, includes 8 divisions totalling 120,000, so there's no way they could be left outside the gates of the capital. That's why a garrison was constructed on the outskirts of the capital, ready with a large barracks and parade grounds for the troops to be stationed. The garrison grounds appears to have spare room so the army I brought with me is taken there as well.

"But 120,000? They did well to gather that many."

If I gathered even a tenth of that, it would ruin me financially.

"We won't lose in terms of soldier quality though!"

Celia, who often watches over the training of the soldiers, puffs out her chest proudly. She's so cute, and her breasts are getting bigger too.

"Waah! Why are you grabbing them!?"

If you're going to stick out your chest in front of a guy, they're obviously going to get fondled or sucked on.

"You haven't changed at all. Count Hardlett."

I turn around at the sound of a voice to see the information officer, Rebecca. So she returned to the capital.

"Did you put in a good word for me with the King?"

Maybe it was too early to say it, but Rebecca pounces towards me to cover my mouth, then looks at her surroundings. Then she complains, whispering in an angry tone.

"Are you trying to ruin me by saying that in the middle of the city?!"

“Sorry, that wasn’t my intention.”

After confirming there isn’t anybody concerned with us nearby, Rebecca talks in a subdued voice.

“As your subordinate said, I made my report with the various manufactured information. Because of that, I am now the head of the information officers, the chief information officer.”

Good for her.

“But that is for our mutual benefit, and that was since then.”

“My subordinate told you that he could provide the funds or manpower as necessary, didn’t he?”

“Won’t that be bribery!? There’s no way I can accept that!”

That’s unfortunate, since Adolph said things would be easier if we could get an information officer on our side.

“Haha, I’m joking. Actually, do you have a little time to spare?”

“Yes? I can create some time if it’s something beneficial.”

“It must be some sort of fate to be reunited here like this. How about coming back to my mansion for a quick round...”

“I have to complete my duties, so if you would excuse me. I pray for your good fortune.”

Aah... there goes that tight, little ass.

I want to fill that tiny asshole of hers with my rod someday.

“You tried to hit on her again?”

“I got shrugged off though.”

“If you get even more girls, even if it’s Aegir-sama, you won’t be able to hold out. Your

thing will fall off.”

“I’ll just have to train more so that doesn’t happen.”

I reach for Celia’s ass.

“Muu-, am I her substitute?”

“No, you’re my cute Celia.”

“Geez, you’re all talk! Aah! Wait...”

My fingers slide into her short pants and find their way into her asshole and vagina. Celia is at the mercy of my two fingers, skewering her from the front and back. We’re in the middle of the city, so there won’t be any pedestrians who would pay attention or be surprised at where my fingers are going – they’re all unrelated.

At the royal palace, the King gives out his usual speech and mentions things like fighting hard, devotion, feats of war and victory, but I don’t really remember much of it.

The important thing is that I am no longer part of the reserve army, but am now appointed as the commander of the Kingdom’s army. I will need to ask Erich about the details later.

Right now, I need to return to the mansion to do something more important.

“What a nice view.”

“I’m prepared...”

“This looks fun!!”

“This kind of lewd thing!”

“This is a kind of amusement too.”

“Onee-chan... this is embarrassing.”

“Pipi’s ass has gotten bigger too!”

Celia, Irijina, Myla, Luna, Ruby and Pipi have lined up their asses.

There is one more ass from the person I left in charge of the mansion, Dorothea.

“Doesn’t it turn you off if my old, dirty ass is here with all the other young girls?”

“It’s certainly a little loose.”

“UUuuu...”

The ass of the person who would be 43 this year doesn’t look fresh at all. But this worn out ass is enough to arouse me. I spread open the ass cheeks of the embarrassed woman and roll my tongue across the mature lady’s genitals and asshole.

“Look.”

“Yes? Hiiiih!!”

I push my dick in front of Dorothea as she turns around.

“How is it? It’s big, isn’t it.”

“You’ll surprise me if you put something so big in front of me so suddenly! You have to let me prepare myself a little.”

“Your ass and your pussy made it like this. There’s no way I’m unhappy you’re here.”

“It’s like this because of me...”

Dorothea unconsciously speaks of the condition of my dick, grabbing it gently and crawling her tongue along the length. Feeling happy that she was the one who decided to service me, I smile softly and hold down her head lightly.

“How is my thing? Go ahead and say it.”

“It’s so thick, like a tree trunk.”

“Is that it?”

“No, it’s long and thick like a log, and it’s so hard like a rock... it’s so dark, like it’s lacquered with charcoal. The rugged muscles and bulging veins... it’s like a monster

born to devour women greedily.”

“How does it feel, knowing you will be eaten by that monster soon?”

“I’m sure it’ll hurt and be agonizing... yet enjoyable and unbearable.”

“Well said!”

I can’t hold back any longer either. I slap Dorothea’s ass before holding her down with both hands, pushing my dick against her as she gets on all fours.

“I’ll be eating Dorothea first, help out.”

““Okaaaay.”“

In an instant, the other girls crowd around Dorothea’s body, sucking her tits, legs and neck, indulging in her flesh like a group of hungry zombies.

“This is-! Everyone, stop, this is embarrassing!”

“My apologies. But these are Aegir-sama’s orders.”

Celia playfully bites Dorothea’s clitoris as she explains herself.

“The Chief’s orders are absolute.”

Pipi and Luna takes one breast each into their mouths and pulls on them.

“Stooooop it!”

“There is no time for... that!”

I forcefully slam my hips into her, using enough momentum to make a thud sound. My meat rod ignores all resistance and instantly pushes its way to the deepest part of her body, creating an impact strong enough to shake Dorothea’s rather small body violently.

“Hahaha, your mature hole feels quite good.”

“Please put it in slower~!”

I climb on top of her, licking her back and rocking my hips gently. I decide to attack while clinging to her, using more of a grinding, circular motion rather than a hard thrusting movement.

Her womb is getting penetrated by my dick in the doggy style position, her clitoris is being bitten, her nipples are being teased, and her lips are being kissed in a slightly aggressive manner, causing the woman to tremble like a toy. This kind of scene absolutely can't be shown to the orphans.

“It's feeling better. Let's release the first shot.”

“Please wait! If you let it out inside, I'll get pregnant.”

Fumu, Dorothea treats the children in the orphanage like her own kids and has decided not to have any herself.

“Then, it can't be helped. Face this way.”

I pull my dick out of her body and thrust it in front of her face. If I slather the contraceptive now, it wouldn't be as effective and I want to get my semen in Dorothea's body once after such a long time.

“Nmooh... nngooou...”

I put my cock slowly into Dorothea's mouth as she takes deep breaths. As I pass through the inside of her mouth, I wait until it slides down her throat and almost approaches her stomach before holding her head down.

“I'm letting it out. Bite down lightly.”

“Nngho!”

Dorothea's teeth sinks into the root of my dick. At the same time, my dick squirms violently in her mouth.

“Uoooooooooh!!”

“Nbuu—!!”

“It’s making an incredible sound.”

“It sounds like a thick vein exploded!!”

I ejaculate in a way Dorothea doesn’t suffocate, finishing up in a short period of time. With the ejaculation done after a few seconds, I pull out my dick after it has gotten partially soft. Dorothea immediately collapses on the bed exhaustedly.

“Geho! Gaho!... what an amazing orgasm, it feels like I drank an entire bottle of water.”

“I just shot my love inside you.”

“You’re good at sweet-talking, aren’t you.”

Even so, Dorothea lies on my arm and smiles. I would give her a kiss, but she really stinks of semen, though I guess it’s obvious she would.

“The kids might have heard that, you know?”

“Stop with the jokes. Besides, the children have had their fill with the feast Hardlett-sama provided them and fell asleep.”

Since I went to all the trouble of bringing them here, might as well let them eat delicious food until their bellies burst. Kids love to eat after all.

“Those children are happy. Compared to the ones in the past...”

“Enough of that, you can’t go back into the past. From now on, we’ll make sure those kids won’t worry about going hungry. And I’ll embrace you until you wither away.”

“Geez! You’re good at making the hearts of women flutter aren’t you.”

A sweet, calming air flows between myself and her, which is quickly interrupted by girls leaning in from the left and right.

“Us too!” “Please don’t forget!”

“Alright, next will be... Irijina. I’m going to be a little rough.”

“Aah! I’m sturdy, so don’t hold back!”

The ass pointed at me is muscular and large, it’s gotten used to sexual activity and looks seemingly proud of that.

But she shouldn’t underestimate me. It’s been a while, but I’ll turn into a wild animal.

30 minutes later

“Ce-Celia-dono! Please, help... someone help meeeeeee!! Hiiiiiiiiih!!”

“Hahaha, giving up already? It’s going to be a while before I’m stopping though.”

“It’s too intenseee! I’ll dieeeeeee!!”

I lay the large Irijina on her back, pin her hands above her head and fuck her hard in the missionary position. These furious hip motions make the sex with Dorothea seem like we were playing house. Rather than it sounding like a man and woman making love, it sounded like something from the battlefield.

“I’ll do this to your ass too.”

Along with my violent thrusts, I shove three fingers into her asshole. There isn’t any lubrication, so it should provide quite the strong stimulation.

“Uwaaaaaaah!!”

Irijina bends her body backwards to try and fling me away, but after giving her an especially fierce thrust with my hips, she climaxes and settles down.

Another 30 minutes pass as I enjoy attacking her and watching her reactions, but there are people waiting behind me. I should probably finish her off now.

“Irijina.”

“Aaau! Oooh... wh-what is it!?”

“My cute Irijina, I love you.”

“Ah... ah, aaaaaaaaah—-!!”

It appears just a single whisper of love from me broke the final wall. She sprays her love juices everywhere, wrapping her legs tightly around my waist as she screams, and eventually collapses into a motionless state.

“Uu-!”

I match the timing of my ejaculation with her orgasm and release my seed. Irijina may be the only woman capable of taking my cock inside her up to the root without using her womb.

No, Lucy’s done it before but my size back then was tiny and probably not many times larger than Kroll’s, so I guess that doesn’t count.

The semen flowing back out of her crotch makes a mess of her lower half and I release Irijina as she faints.

“Now, who’s next?”

Because of the extremely intense sex, the girls seem slightly frightened. But Celia energetically steps forward.

“I’ll go! Even if my uterus would break, I’ll be with you to the end!”

I won’t do that.

My hardly-withered dick pushes against Celia’s stomach as I roll her onto the bed. It looks like this orgy will last all night.

The Next Day

“Why did this happen?!!”

After having sex until morning, I woke up during noontime to hear Dorothea’s yelling. I leave the room to see what was going on and see two crying kids – one male, one female and both look to be about 10 years old. The female seems to have blood dripping down her thighs.

“Well, mother Dorothea did-”

“Aegir-shama did-”

“G-good grief! You do that only after becoming an adult!”

It seems the children she thought were sleeping after filling their stomachs were peeking on us. They were still just kids, but they copied what they saw us doing. From the virgin’s blood I can see on the girl’s leg, they even went as far as penetration.

“Mama Dorothea, it hurtsss.”

“Geez! You really...”

Blood is oozing out of the distinct teeth marks on the girl’s shoulder too. I’m doubtful whether the kid can even ejaculate, but regardless, males turn into beasts when they have a female in front of them.

“Hey.”

“Eguh... fueh! Aegir-sama?”

The boy must also have realized the blood when it became morning and cried because he felt distraught. I’ll have to give him a warning.

“You shouldn’t be biting a girl with all your might. In this case, you should be softer...”

I place my teeth on the crying girl’s neck and press down strong enough for her to feel pressure.

“Fueeeh!?”

“Hardlett-sama!?”

I ignore Dorothea’s screaming. This much is fine, since I’m not really fooling around. This is necessary.

“Then, you have to lick her like this.”

I slowly lick from the collarbone to the nape of her neck. Then I use my lips to suck

with some force and leave a mark behind.

“Aauuu... fueeeeeeh...”

“Understand? Don’t be so rough next time.”

“K-kay!”

The boy nods his head. I’m glad he seems to get it.

“Haau... my crotch is feeling kind of tingly...”

A clear fluid starts trickling down the girl’s thigh. Perhaps I gave her too strong of a stimulation?

“Hardlett-sama! The girl is still just a child!”

“They’re still male and female. Even if we tell them not to do it after the first time, they’ll do it again. Rather than letting that happen, we just have to teach them how not to get hurt and how to do it gently. So now, you can take her when you become of age, got it?”

“Yeah! I-, when I become an adult, I’ll make Topi my wife!”

“Eddie... uuum, I guess I’ll wait for now.”

The girl glances repeatedly at me as she talks.

I can lick your neck whenever you want, so at least be a good girl and promise him.

I might have become more peerless if I started embracing girls when I was 10 too.

Dorothea still hasn’t agreed to anything but she decided to make sure the bedroom door is locked properly starting tonight.

Several Days Later, Garrison

“Lord Hardlett, you will be assigned two divisions totalling 30,000. These troops as well as your private army will be named the Third Army Corps.”

It's been a while since I've seen Erich. He seems busy as usual, and it really makes me wonder whether he or Adolph is busier.

"I'll be leading the First Army Corps with three divisions, the Second Army Corps will be taking two divisions and will try crossing the river. The First Army Corps will take the shortest distance and head towards the enemy straight on, the Second Army Corps will go all the way around from the north, and you, the Third Army Corps will be in between us."

Since losing the battleships, the simple plan to push through using power was abandoned, favoring instead a plan where the army crosses the river in three different areas simultaneously, and the army who reaches land successfully will invade the riverside to help the other armies land as well as neutralize the enemy navy.

Once the entire army crosses, the difference in military strength will be evident and it'll be possible to win with brute force.

"But our disadvantage on sea is obvious."

"Umu, we have rebuilt our forces to a certain extent, but... not enough to face the enemy head-on. That's why we split our forces in three, to prevent the enemy from concentrating their forces."

"It's going to get rough."

"But it's the only realistic method. There's no way they could have established a full-fledged navy force greatly surpassing the one from the autumn of last year."

It's pointless to gather numbers for a navy using money alone, since a veteran fleet of 10 ships can easily annihilate a fleet of 100 ships filled with amateurs. This is fundamentally different from a land war, where even amateurs can fight to some degree just by swinging a stick or a sword.

"It's not like I have any experience with naval warfare and the like after all. "

"If the enemy's navy shows up in full force, there won't be any need for you to forcefully charge in on your own. It just means that other areas will not be as concentrated in terms of strength."

Well, if that's the case, we should just take it easy.
I really just want to settle things quickly though.

"Then head over as soon as you have arranged your squad. There is only two weeks left before the ceasefire ends but we want to mount our attack as soon as the time ends if possible."

"I understand. Then, let's go, Leopolt."

"Yessir."

"And also!"

Erich's unusually raises his voice.

"That bastard Kenneth seems to have gotten His Majesty mixed up in some sort of scheme. I've let him do as he wishes for now, but let me know when he gets in your way and I'll give him an earful."

There is bad blood between the two of them as usual.

Side Story: Kroll's Nighttime Activities

-Third Person/Kroll POV-

"I can't hold it anymore... I'm cumming miss!! Uuuu!!"

"N... ahn. Nnn-, you came a lot, didn't you. Nice work."

Kroll moans as he lays on top of the voluptuous woman for a while before separating from her body. Semen slowly leaks out of the crotch of the plump woman on the bottom. The woman uses a finger to scoop some of the fluid and smiles after licking it.

"Okaaay, then please move your hand."

The woman's large breasts jiggle as she uses a wet towel to gently wipe Kroll's dick clean before laying down beside him.

“Did it feel good today?”

“Yeah, it was the best. Unbelievably so.”

Kroll buries his face into the breasts of the woman next to him, letting out a muffled voice as he stuffs his mouth with her nipples.

“Ahaha, that tickles... but is this okay? It might just be me boasting, but this place isn’t one of those sketchy brothels, and I also take a relatively high amount of money.”

The prostitute being hugged by the male, who still has a childish air about him, is not one where any random drunkard can easily get their hands on.

“Yeah, it might be impossible everyday, but I can manage somehow by saving up some money.”

“Oh yeah, you’re working at the feudal lord-sama’s place. Nevertheless, this is the fourth time you dropped by this month, are you really doing okay?”

This should be a good source of revenue for a prostitute, but the girl was sold into the sex trade because of a loan and eventually landed in Rafen. The memories of the smile of her younger brother in the past would overlap with Kroll, causing her to unconsciously feel concerned for the boy in front of her.

“I’m fine. I’ll get by somehow.”

“Don’t go committing crimes, ‘kay? The feudal lord-sama seems to be scary, and if you so much as steal from him, you’ll be dismembered.”

The woman wouldn’t want to see this young head of his hung in the plaza.

“I won’t do anything like that! It’s almost time... so I’ll be going.”

The bell, which tolled when time was up, rings quietly.

“Oh I see, thanks for today as well. I want you to come again... but be careful not to overdo it.”

“Yeah, I’ll come back soon.”

The brothel district is still bustling as if it was daytime, but it's bedtime for those unrelated to the red-light district. Naturally, there isn't anyone awake in the mansion in which the boy lived... or that should have been the case.

When the boy quietly opens the door to the servant's room and returns inside, the candle stand suddenly lights up and the shadow of a person towers over him.

"Kroll, come here for a second."

It was Melissa, standing imposingly in her sleepwear.

"Where did you go?"

"Umm... that's..."

"It was an adult shop, wasn't it !?"

"Uuuu..."

Kroll was dragged into Melissa's room and made to sit on the floor, where Alma and Miti are gathered around looking worried.

"I heard about it from Sebastian-san. You've been asking for advance payment of your allowance and your salary recently!"

Compared with the other servants, Kroll has deep ties with the members of the household, so they were quite flexible when it came to things like advance payment. He's already secured meals and a place to stay so even if the entire sum was paid in advance, he wouldn't be struggling to survive.

"If you get caught in something like prostitutes at your age, you won't become a decent adult when you grow up!"

Melissa slams the table, making Kroll duck his head between his shoulders. It wasn't the greatest impact, but it seems to have an effect on Kroll because the usually kind Melissa has gotten angry.

"You know about my past, don't you? I'm speaking from experience here. I can tell you

many stories of men who ruined themselves because they got addicted to prostitutes!”

Melissa being a prostitute herself as seen her fair share of men like that. She doesn’t want Kroll, who she considers as one of her own children, to become like that.

“...From now on, you are forbidden to get any advances on your salary. I’ve already told Sebastian-san, so it’s useless to ask secretly.”

“No way, that person’s waiting for me...”

Kroll looks up towards Melissa as if pleading for mercy, but it didn’t seem to have any effect. Melissa knows best that the ‘I’m waiting for you’ line said by prostitutes isn’t that believable.

“We’re done talking! I won’t tell you to stop going, but you’ll have to play around using the allowance you get every month!”

Despite him getting allowance, it isn’t the largest sum. It’s questionable whether he can go once a month with that amount.

“I-I’ll become a fine man like Hardlett-sama too...”

“Don’t be so impudent with such a small penis! Say that after you start making a living!”

“Okay...”

And thus, Kroll’s adventures to the brothel were stopped.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 46,000

Private Army: 8000 (Units brought to battle only)

Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 4000

Cannons: 10 (1 Genuine)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 30,000

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 8000

Not strictly under the command of the protagonist.

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi (mascot), Tristan (house-sitting)

Current Location: En route from Goldonia's capital

Achievements: —

Chapter 148.5

National Strength Comparison – 3 Nations

Goldonia Kingdom

Population: 2.6 Million

Ruler: Alexandro I

Capital City: Goldonia – Population: 75,000

System: Feudal

Military Strength: Current – 120,000 / Max Mobilization – 200,000

Area of Dominion: Entire Northern Area of Central Plains

Goldonia is the largest nation in the entire plains. The nation is situated in the northern part of the central plains, where trade and cultural exchange occurs prosperously with the Olga Federation via the North Teries River and the land route. There is a cloud looming above international trade via the river because of the tension with Magrado on the opposite shore. The nation attempted to unify the entire northern region of the central plains but were handed defeat by the Magrado navy and were set back, resulting in a one-year agreement of peace being signed. With the repeated wars and expansion of arms, their financial surplus has gradually been disappearing.

Magrado Dukedom

Population: 600,000

Ruler: —

Capital City: Odoros – Population: 20,000

System: Feudal

Military Strength: Current – 70,000 / Max Mobilization – 70,000

Area of Dominion: Northern Area of the Central Plains

Magrado is adjacent to the Republic of Stura and faces the river as well, but the strong political regime is preventing business from developing. They have a large mine so their mining and manufacturing industry is comparatively prosperous, but they have lost their trading partners due to Goldonia's expansion and are gradually being pressured financially. Their production of food is barely enough to get their own citizens full. They are preparing for the time when Goldonia declares their attack as

soon as the ceasefire ends, frantically recruiting and conscripting soldiers. The nation is focused on fighting Goldonia on all fronts, and the confrontational mood is building up even among the citizens, so there isn't much objection to mobilizing the maximum amount of strength in the country to expand their military.

Republic of Stura

Population: 200,000

Ruler: —

Capital City: Mishil: Population 50,000

System: Republicanism

Military Strength: Current – 20,000 / Max Mobilization – ?

Area of Dominion: Centre Area of the Central Plains

Stura is a commercial nation along the North Teries river. The capital city along the river functions as a logistics base and is an economically rich country. They don't have a standing army, but when necessary, mercenaries can be gathered and an army can be established. The intense military pressure revealed from Magrado has inevitably caused a large-scale request for funds and materials. A portion of the companies have already been transformed into foreign bases.

Chapter 149

Magrado War ①

Landing Strategy

-Aegir POV-

End of the Ceasefire, A Little Earlier

The army is not simply a pawn to be used on the battlefield. If the army is large enough, they can be considered a moving city. With tens of thousands of people, they would consume an immense amount of food and water everyday. Of course, without the proper facilities, even just their daily waste would be a tremendous amount.

As long as food is carried when stepping into enemy territory, what happens afterwards is of no concern, however doing whatever we please in our own country is not the best idea, which limits the places where camps inevitably must be set up in preparation to cross the river.

“That city in Magrado... what was it called again?”

“Port Randel.”

“Even though we can see it, it still looks so far away.”

During the period before the ceasefire is over, we have set up camp in a spot prepared in advance located in the forest close to the small port city, where ships are unable to see us from the river.

We overlook the opposite shore from the top of a watchtower which uses the tall trees. If the areas were connected by land, it probably wouldn't take more than 30 minutes on horse to travel the distance. But it's too far for a person to swim or drift across.

“I'm curious as to why there are so few ships.”

There are ships camouflaged on the shore of the port city in a way they don't stand out, but the most they can transport should be around 3000.

"It is unknown how much the enemy has prepared, but I'm sure the first unit will be pretty tough."

They will probably circulate their ships to other areas too, but I wonder if we can manage with this number, this makes me quite uneasy.

"We should form a unit around the Kingdom's army for the first battle."

Leopolt suddenly pops up on top of the watchtower between Celia and I. Celia pouts and puffs her cheeks.

"Oh, did you want me to pay attention to you?"

"The inspection from this point on will be done without knowing the enemy's movements. It isn't possible to deploy scouts and it won't be possible to rescue them on the off chance they get caught in a trap. We should avoid any risk of losing our own army."

He ignored me.

I understand what Leopolt is saying, but if I tell the Kingdom's soldiers to go and hold my own soldiers back, they'll become suspicious that they're being used as fodder. Their morale won't go up either.

"Umumu..."

I was about to take a gold coin out of my pocket and flip it, but Celia stops me.

"No! You can't decide something in such a random way!"

"Then let's do it this way – have the Kingdom's army embark first, but I'll take direct command of them."

That way, the soldiers won't consider themselves sacrificial pawns. Besides, it's important that the commander is the first person to step on enemy territory so it doesn't look like they're just watching at a distance from the back.

“No!” “That isn’t a good idea.” “You can’t!” “The enemy will be skewered!”

Celia and the others – Myla, Pipi, Irijina – all show up. Where were they all hiding?

“It’ll be terrible if you get caught in a trap! Leopolt-san should at least go first! “

“It’s important for the commander to take the lead, but it also depends on the timing and situation. There are too many unknown factors this time.”

“I’m not sure what’s going on, but you can’t!”

“Isn’t it time to eat yet!?”

The times which resulted in a bad outcome after I trusted my instincts... are few and far between. And Leopolt, the person who was the most likely to voice a complaint, is remaining silent.

“Our national strength and command on the battlefield are both superior to theirs. But there is a chance, though small, of Lord Hardlett exposing himself to danger.”

“That much can’t be helped.”

It’s foolish to wish for absolute safety in battle.

“Then there is nothing else for me to say. But please don’t forget. If you get defeated, this battle and your territory will be finished.”

“Lord Hardlett possesses great influence for better or for worse after all...”

Steering away from the ominous talks the two of them were having, I rub the ass of Irijina, who’s taking a bite out of a bone-in meat.¹

“Stop being so negative, since we might be able to land without encountering any problem at all.”

“I’m definitely coming with you!”

“Mefgh dooh!!”²

Celia won’t leave my side no matter what. I guess I could take the escort unit at least. Also, don’t talk with your mouth full Irijina, you’re spraying a rain of meat and oil everywhere.

“As one would expect, we can’t move at night. Let’s embark on the ships as soon as the sun rises.”

It’s foolish to send out the soldiers who aren’t used to being on ships in the pitch darkness, and they won’t be able to do the prep work to embark either. Campfires will attract the attention of the enemy from across the shore after all.

“The last time we’ve been on a ship was when we were travelling in the past.”

Celia brings her head close in a nostalgic manner. Myla and Irijina look somewhat bored.

At that time, the only ones I knew were Celia and Nonna, and I only met Melissa on the way. It might not be interesting to the other girls I guess.

“You can slowly get ready to set out on the ships when everything is settled.”

I’ll leave the territory to Adolph so the fatigue on my mind and body can be healed. For now though, I’ll need to prepare for tomorrow’s sortie and relieve the stress of my lower half too.

The Next Day, Onboard the Ship

“The ships in the front have crossed half of the river! The enemy navy hasn’t appeared!”

“Oh, what a letdown.”

“So this is the river... my legs are paralyzed... chief, so scary!”

Along with the rising of the sun, separate boats containing 2500 Kingdom soldiers and my escort unit and I, heads towards Port Randel gradually along the river current. The heavy cavalry are too heavy and put on more weight than expected. The transportation of the bow cavalry seemed like it would take a lot of time and effort. Judging from Pipi’s frightened reaction, the embarking and disembarking might not go smoothly either.

We have quite a few battleships prepared and everyone is on high alert for the enemy's counterattack, but nothing is happening at all.

"Good grief. The enemy might be focusing their attention on the front where Lord Radhalde's First Army Corps has deployed."

Celia calmly analyses the situation.

"Erich might be having a hard time. But the battle is practically settled if we can land."

If my army of over 40,000 can land completely, we probably have enough to fight Magrado's army even by ourselves. If we proceed along the river and hold down the port city, the enemy navy won't be able to do anything. Even though they're called the navy, they're not constantly on the river and will need to refill on food supplies and arrows or they'll be powerless.

"The enemy navy...! No, it's a small group. It might just be some scouts."

The report given by the lookout instantly causes my entire body to tense up, but the enemy has only sent out a few small ships when I look closely. When our battleships fire off their arrows, the enemy ships quickly run away. Our entire fleet of ships have already crossed the midpoint of the river. Even if they launch a counterattack now, it'll be too late.

"As I thought, Aegir-sama has lady luck on his side."

"I don't remember when I slept with her though."

Celia gets angry, telling me not to say something which would get me punished.

The ships in front start shouting and flames rise up from a few of them. It seems that a shootout is occurring between them and the enemy on land, who are protecting the city. But we can push through after coming this far and get on land despite the boats catching on fire. There aren't many soldiers defending the city anyway.

"Everyone get ready for battle. We'll bring down the city quickly and call the others to follow us. I don't mind if you burn the city, but try not to destroy the ships regardless of their size."

If we can secure the place unharmed, it would make the transportation of succeeding soldiers easier.

“And lastly... don’t kill the women no matter what. If you’re gonna screw them, make sure they consent, got it!?”

‘Ooooooh!’ – The soldiers all shout back in affirmation.
Now, the war with Magrado has finally begun.

-Third Person/Magrado POV-

Magrado Territory, Port City: Port Randel

“The Goldonian ships are approaching, and unloading their soldiers!”

“Can we stop them somehow!? What is the defence unit doing?”

“The defence unit numbers 2000 while the enemy has close to 3000!!”

The soldiers and commanders shout loudly at one another. Port Randel is not a large city by any means. There are plenty of other important bases, but the reason why so many forces were stationed here was because of the wariness towards Goldonia.

“Dammit! Why did they come here? Do they have any backup!?”

“According to the scouting ships, they appear to have tens of thousands of soldiers in the city on the opposite shore!”

The shouting stops for a brief moment.

“Tens of thousands... a genuine landing operation, is it? Well, we’re done then. There’s no way we can fend them off...”

“Stop your whining! No matter how many tens of thousands they have, only a few thousand can cross the river at a time. The enemy doesn’t have that many ships!”

“We can’t even hold off a few thousand! Are reinforcements not coming?!”

Using common sense, it would be normal to think that it would be impossible to defend the entire coast from Goldonia, who has a superior amount of forces, thus it would be natural to go with a strategy where the main force would be stationed inland and would try and beat down the enemy before the army could land on the base. However, such a strategy required a certain something.

“What is the navy doing...? Those Goldonia guys aren’t even struggling to get here!”

The navy are supposed to defeat the enemy, and even if they aren’t able to, they should at least buy time by preventing the enemy from conducting their landing operation or stopping them from moving. Port Randel has a hidden navy base near the city. An emergency smoke signal was already raised and they should be coming soon.

“Why...? Why aren’t they coming? At this rate, the enemy army will land. Our country will be finished!”

A particularly large scream can be heard.

When the soldiers turned their attention in that direction, they could see an army of heavy cavalry waving a black flag, ripping the defence unit and their battle lines into shreds. The knight riding in the front is sending soldiers flying left and right. That single knight is destroying the hastily constructed defence line on the road.

“The war demon, Hardlett...”

There isn’t a single soldier in Magrado who doesn’t know of that name belonging to the demonic warrior who routed the great commander Radgalf and his elite army. Everyone knew that the situation is only going to get worse.

-Aegir POV-

“Move it !!”

I knock away the soldiers who are lining up their spears and crush the wagons which have been piled up to act as a wall. A man jumps off the roof of a house and swings his sword at me, but I skewer him in midair and throw him back up high in the air. The splat sound of the man falling to the ground breaks the enemy’s spirit and the soldiers in the area run away.

“Aegir-sama, you’re charging in too far! The Kingdom’s army has just finally suppressed the harbor! “

“It’s enough for them to capture the harbor. The enemy will crumble immediately.”

I duck my head to dodge the spear of the cavalry running at me, then thrust my own weapon through the soldier’s throat. Because my spear is thick, his neck is torn off... it’s getting messy again.

“An opening!”

“Nope.”

I grab the spear thrust at me by the soldier coming at me from the path, then swing the pole along with the man holding the weapon into the wall, demolishing the side of the house.

“Hiiiih!” “R-run away!!”

Fumu, this much should be good. I guess I’ll return to my allies for now.

“Tell the ships to go back immediately and carry the other soldiers here.”

I had the ships on standby so we could escape just in case we met the majority of the army on land, but the city is undoubtedly going to fall. In that case, I should get the soldiers over here to follow after me as soon as possible. If they’re quick, they can make two round trips.

“As expected of a squad trained by Erich, they’re quite powerful.”

The Kingdom’s army didn’t wait for me to give out instructions and already know what they have to do. Their commanders are on a higher level and overwhelmed the enemy even though their numbers are on par with each other.

“Alright, since the harbor is under control, the next step is to throw the enemy out of the city. Press on!”

Because the army corps commander himself is out in the fray, the morale of the

soldiers are high. The soldiers charge in unison with their shouts and the Magrado soldiers quickly get pushed back.

“If I go out any further, it will only take away the merits of my allies. “

“Yes, there’s a chance of getting hit by a stray attack too. It’s better for you to be in the back.”

There’s no point in rampaging while our allies are pressuring the enemy already.

“Even so... it’s surprising the enemy navy didn’t show up.”

“That’s true, that is the biggest worry.”

It’s obvious for things to turn out this way when the navy doesn’t meddle. No matter how much the land base is divided on land, it makes me feel strange when they don’t show up at all.

“In any case, we have already successfully landed. If they abandon this place, it might become fatal for them in the war as a whole, so they will definitely send reinforcements here. We’ll need to quickly take control of the city and fortify our defences by calling our follow-up soldiers here.”

I’m confident.

Now that we have secured the harbor, the soldiers can be transported over and over. Even if the enemy comes at us, if we protect the city, our forces will increase by 6000 to 9000 everyday.

‘Waaah’ – Loud cheers erupt from the soldiers.

It seems the enemy’s final resistance has collapsed and the fighting has moved outside the city.

“Don’t chase too deep. Our top priority is to secure the city! Also, raise the green smoke signal.”

This is fine, since right now Leopolt and Myla, who were left on the opposite shore, are probably sending an express messenger to the palace and to where Erich is to tell them we have successfully landed.

“Well, now that we’ve completed the first stage, let’s find something light to eat.”

“You’re right. The enemy might counterattack, so it might be better to fill our stomachs...”

Celia seems to have a more relaxed expression compared to when she was in the middle of fighting.

Meanwhile, Irijina comes back from fighting on the front lines with her armor covered in the enemy’s blood.

“The enemy has been thrown outside the city walls!! There aren’t any large squads nearby either! So now...”

I have a bad feeling about this somehow.

“This war, it’s our victory!!”

Irijina shouts in a loud voice.

When the transport ships finish departing to Port Randel, a dense cloud appears in the once-clear sky. A shadow is gradually cast over the city and it eventually starts pouring rain, something rare at this time of year.

Side Story: Kroll’s Indiscretion (First Part)

“Kroll, could you carry this?”

“Yes, Nonna-sa... madam.”

Perhaps bored of the large vase in the bedroom, she wants it moved to the corridor. No one except the girls can really enter the rooms of Nonna, the other concubines and the rooms the lovers are using. The only ones who can freely enter and exit are the butler Sebastian and Kroll. As one would expect, Nonna and the maids have thin arms and Sebastian’s getting old, so they are against carrying heavy objects, meaning it would become part of Kroll’s duties.

“Do you want it... here?!”

The vase is heavy, but his body is plenty strong from the miscellaneous chores and training he does.

“Yes, over there. And then that painting will go in the room...”

“Good work, go eat some sweets if you like.”

Kroll breathes hard after being worked so thoroughly and takes a drink of water.

“Without Aegir-sama around... it’s lonely, isn’t it.”

Nonna leans forward lazily against the table.

“Nnn!!??”

Kroll panics, which is natural to happen, since Nonna’s enormous breasts practically spill out onto the table. His dick pushes up against his pants.

“? What’s wrong?”

“N-no, it’s nothing...”

Nonna isn’t the type of person who would let off a man just because he’s young. If she realizes his erection, she would scream as soon as she gets violated.

“W-well then, please excuse me!”

“Haah, well if you don’t need anything, that’s fine.”

Carla appears in front of Kroll after he dashes out of the room. She’s dressed lightly, almost in a suggestive manner, after coming out of the bath. The boy’s dick gets harder and harder.

“What’s got into you, running around in such a hurry?”

“I-it’s nothing!”

She bypasses her swiftly and enters the living room to see Mel hugging her youngest child, Gilbard. Mel normally dresses in a more conservative manner so this should be a little relief.

“Fuu...”

But the situation is quickly turned on its head.

“Ara? Are you hungry? Look, here are my boobiess~”

Mel glances at Kroll to see him turn back before bringing out her breasts and letting Gilbard suck on them for milk.

However, there’s no way a 15 year-old boy could take his eyes off the beauty’s breasts, despite her being an older lady.

“Uuuu-!!”

Kroll hurriedly dashes out of the living room.

“...I came.”

Even though he didn’t touch his dick at all, it ejaculated so fiercely.

At Night

“Haa, haa... this is no good! Even doing it myself...”

Kroll strokes his dick at night, but he’s unable to satisfy himself. He’s been able to suppress his urges by masturbating all through the night in the past, but after he’s experienced the feeling of a woman, it won’t do anymore.

He wanted to be inside a woman’s mouth, breasts, and of course her precious hole.

“Woman... I want a woman.”

His lust reaches the limit, and a dangerous feeling starts bubbling up within him – one

which makes him want to rape his master's women. But there was a knock on his room.

"Kroll? Are you awake?"

The one who appeared was Alma, an introverted servant who was raised in the same orphanage as Kroll and a year younger than him, but has recently started opening up more.

He quickly puts his dick away and straightens his clothes.

"What is it, coming so late at night?"

"Um, I heard Kroll was acting strange today so..."

"It's nothing. Just go to sleep, you have to get up early tomorrow, don't you?"

"...But I'm worried. There was that incident previously too..."

Kroll's face distorts.

He doesn't want to be reminded of the time he got scolded for going to the sexshop.

"It's fine, just hurry up and go..."

His gaze stops at Alma's chest area. It wasn't like they were exposed and it isn't even clear whether she has breasts or not, but her thin sleepwear doesn't hide the figure of her body. The reason the shy Alma shows this appearance to Kroll is because she lets her guard down around him, who she treats as a brother.

"We grew up together for so long, and I might not be the most reliable, but you can talk to me about anyth-... kyaaaah!"

Alma smiles as she gets hugged, while Kroll's losing his reason from the soft sensation and the wafting smell of a girl.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 45,900

Private Army: 8000 (Units brought to battle only)

Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 4000

Cannons: 10 (1 Genuine)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 29,900

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 8000

Not strictly under the command of the protagonist.

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander, Flag), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi (mascot), Tristan (house-sitting)

Current Location: Port Randel

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel

Chapter 150

Magrado War ②

The First 24 Hours

-Aegir POV-

“The departure preparations... are running late.”

Celia mutters unhappily.

We have completely captured Port Randel and have either finished off or thrown out the remnants of the enemy army. The next step should be to reunite with our allies after they supposedly cross the river, and determine whether to advance along the river or head straight inland to the capital city based on the situation of the other armies.

But the fleet which returned to the eastern coast is not quite able to depart. I wanted them to make two round trips today if possible, but that doesn't seem likely to happen.

“With this rain, they won't be able to work fast.”

As soon as the landing operation was finished, a heavy downpour started and has been continuing for what seems like forever. The rain isn't just making things wet and slippery, but it's also raining so hard that it's difficult to see, so of course the transportation of people and supplies on ships isn't progressing as smoothly as usual.

“Why is it raining at such a time...?”

Of all the places in the Central Plains, it appears the coast of the North Teries river has the most rain comparatively. But I didn't think it would be raining this hard. This is also happening at the worst possible timing.

“If it rains this much, wouldn't it cause a flood?”

“It isn't just any old stream. I don't think it would make much of a difference if it rained

for two or three days...”

I’m not an expert on rivers so I can’t say for certain.

“Ah-! They’ve departed.”

I can see the fleet slowly leaving the port and heading towards the west coast. I can hear cheers from others who are looking at this scene, but they gradually get softer.

“Hey, hey, they are going too far north... are they getting pulled by the current?”
“Is the current perhaps stronger than it looks?”

The fleet is handling their ships in the same way as when they transported us, but they are being diverted away from the port and are heading downstream at high speeds. It looks like they’re desperately struggling to steer their ships in the right course towards the port.

“Hey, hey... if you travel too far downstream, it’ll be hard to land.”

My uneasiness is replaced with screaming.

“Look upstream! Enemy ships... more than 20 of them !!”

“Gu... they chose the perfect time...”

Our allies flounder their way to the middle of the river. But the enemy ships cruise rapidly towards them from upstream, almost like galloping horses. The flow of the river has clearly changed from what it was a few hours ago.

“Start engaging!”

The ally battleships advance forward, acting as a wall for the transport ships, though things aren’t going too well for them as the current continues to drag them around. Compared to that, the enemy ships have the current behind them and are charging forward in a well-ordered formation.

Flaming arrows lose their effectiveness in the rain, and the catapults and ballistae on the battleships won’t be accurate enough to hit such fast-moving ships.

The enemy is mainly approaching the transport ships and throwing something that looks like a net. The hull of the transport ships don't look like they're breaking but the ships' speed drops while being carried downstream.

"What is that?"

"There's something round at the end of the nets. It looks really heavy! They're all tangling with the ships and it's hard for them to remove it!"

I see, by snaring the hull with a heavy net and not letting the oars row, the ship's speed will drop and instantly be swept away by the current. As expected of Pipi, her eyesight is incredible, allowing her to see things clearly even in such bad weather.

However... this is bad. If they were off course by just a little, they could manage somehow, but they won't be able to land if they flow too far downstream. In addition, while we have Port Randel under control, the western coast of the river is enemy territory and they can't just land anywhere they want.

"They got hit!"

Celia screams.

A transport ship somehow manages to correct their course, but the flank of the ship was rammed by another enemy ship. The strike which borrowed the strength from the river current quickly splits the transport ship, causing soldiers to fall into the water one after the other.

However, it seems that was a desperate strike. The speed of the enemy ship was too fast even for them to control and the collision destroys the entire front portion of their ship, resulting in both ships sinking while remaining stuck to each other. Despite being enemies, the courage to pull that stunt off is commendable.

"The other transport ships are out of sorts too... not good! They're being pulled further downstream. The rear guard should turn around and retreat! Trying to change course doesn't make a difference!"

"Tch..."

Unfortunately, there's no other choice. They just have to get carried downstream to the Goldonia-side of the river and find a random spot to land so they can go back. If

they continue to charge forward and off course, it's possible for them to ground their ships.

There are probably around 500 on our side who can land properly. They won't make much of a reinforcement.

"But the enemy navy is also heading downstream. With this current, they won't be able to go back either, so things will be fine if we take the time to reorganize ourselves!"

"Let's hope so."

I pat Celia's head. There's nothing I can do just by thinking of bad hypothetical situations. I have to make other preparations.

"Convey this to the soldiers: Stop destroying the simple walls created by the enemy in the middle of the roads. Instead, pile up the rubble and make them stronger. Send the scouts outside the city walls, smoke signals are unusable so move as quick as possible."

"This is nothing, this kind of rain will stop soon! There's no way the enemy's reinforcement will come!"

I ask Celia to hand food to Irijina to shut her up.
I have a bad feeling about this.

The Next Day

Sure enough, Irijina's predictions are completely off target and the rain continued throughout the night, getting even stronger in the morning after, and becoming more like a torrential downpour.

"Have the soldiers stand down from the harbor..."

The current of the river is visibly faster and it doesn't look like it's safe to send ships out. The water levels have risen as well, almost submerging the area around the harbor.

“In just one day, this heavy rain did all that...”

Celia mutters dumbfoundedly.

“It might not be only one day.”

In any case, there's no way the river current would become like this so quickly from the rain which started not too long ago. The main source of water for the North Teries river is in the west where the Large Mountain Range is. There must have been heavy rain several days before near the mountain, and Magrado must have known about it, which is probably why their navy didn't appear. Those guys must have anticipated us not being able to make a move in this rain and purposely let our vanguard land.

“What's done is done. Rather, we should increase the number of scouts, since the enemy will definitely come.”

It doesn't look like I'll have time to sleep around with girls either. Even yesterday, Celia and Irijina stayed vigilant so I had to get Pipi to suck me off. She was hoping to get penetrated too, but it wouldn't go in. If I were to force it in, Pipi would not be able to move the following day after all.

A few hours later, the light cavalry scouts came running towards us.

“It appears enemy reinforcements are approaching from the west, their numbers are around 10,000!”

“So they've come...”

But we'll manage somehow if they only have 10,000. We have 3000 on our side, but we can hole up inside the city, and we don't really need to fight to win in the first place. The heavy rain and the rising water levels won't continue for an entire month, probably lasting a few days at most, and our transport ships didn't suffer heavy casualties. If we can hold out until then, our allies will slowly come flocking from the eastern coast.

However, the reports continue on.

“There is another enemy force coming from the northwest, about 5000!”

“Another 5000 from the southwest, the enemy is also marching from that direction!”

“Aegir-sama!”

Celia looks at me as if she’s about to cry. It seems Erich’s First Army Corps was not able to cross the river. The enemy’s land forces are definitely being concentrated here.

“What a big deal, there’s a simple solution for this.”

We have no ships and are unable to cross the river due to the rising water levels. Port Randel is being surrounded from three directions – west, north, south.

“We have no choice but to fight. It makes things easy to understand now that our options are limited.”

I raise my spear and roar sharply at the panicking soldiers.

“We have nowhere to escape to. We either fight and live on or fight and die. It’s one or the other!”

“Oooooooooh-!”

This shout while putting up a brave front doesn’t mean much but it’s better than remaining quiet.

“The city walls will be broken quickly, so place various obstacles in those areas of the city. Prepare things which are small and simple to move! Prepare roofs that can shield against arrows!”

The soldiers all start acting simultaneously. All that’s left now is to fight.

“Aegir-sama, if that time comes, then together we’ll d-...”

“Don’t say such an ill-omened thing.”

I bop Celia on the head.

If that time ever comes, I’ll grab her and something to float on and let her escape in the river. I’m sure she’ll resist, but Irijina can hold her back.

We are finally able to hear the war cries of the army coming from outside the city walls. Allied bowmen stationed on the top of the watchtowers start to fire their arrows. It seems the enemy's vanguard has begun to attack.

"As long as we have the bow cavalry, we can overwhelm them in a battle of arrows but..."

"Pipi wants to go where she can see the enemy too!"

"They'll focus their attacks at you, so no. Besides, you'll be able to shoot soon."

A large volley of arrows soars towards us from outside the walls and the soldiers on the watchtowers turn into porcupines. Immediately following, the gate which was broken during the first battle and propped up again, falls over after a few dull thumping sounds.

"Chargeeee—-!!"

The shouting continues after the commander yells and the soldiers throw away the metal rod which was blocking the broken gate.

"Defend till your last breath! Push them back!"

Fellow commanders yell back and forth as both armies collide in the small plaza in front of the gate.

"I'm going too, follow me."

"Ooh!" "Yes!"

The space in front of the gate is narrow and horses are not suited for defence, so the escort unit, myself and everyone else dismount and advance on foot.

"Take back Port Randel! Chase them into the river!"

"For Glorious Magrad- guh!!"

I pierce the screaming soldier's stomach and tear through his body with brute strength, ripping out my weapon from the side.

"Shit! Kill this fu-..."

I lop off his head before he was able to finish speaking and drive my spearhead through the mouth of the dumbfounded soldier beside him.

"Dorya!"

After pulling my spear out, I bring it up above my head and swing down with all my might. The hurriedly raised shield was split together with the man and my spear digs all the way down to his lower chest, then I kick away the man whose upper body is separated into two pieces and get into a stance with my spear at hip level.

"Not good, fall back!"

The allies who have seen me fight before hastily get out of the way. The enemy also takes steps backward, but there are three men just standing dazed and unable to grasp the situation at hand.

"Fuun!!"

The full-powered horizontal swing made it seem like the heavy, incessant rain stopped for a second.

"Eh?" "Ah?" "Huh, things are slanted?"

The bodies of the three men who were slow to escape slowly slide apart, their innards leaking out before collapsing on the wet floor.

"Monster..." "There he is, this guy!" "It's the war demon!"

I've only taken out a mere seven people, but the pressure the enemies are exerting have clearly weakened.

"What are you doing?! We'll win if we kill this guy, hurry and finish him off!"

"Easy for you to say..."

“We’ll die, won’t we...”

The enemy stops their attack in the face of our allies, who have had their morale raised. Looking beside me, Irijina and Celia are also slaughtering enemy soldiers one after the other.

“Eeei, you cowards! I’ll go myself, since I’m known as the strongest knight in the city of Colhorn...”

“I don’t need any of your preamble.”

I interrupt his speech and thrust my spear at him, but I guess it should be expected of a knight to expertly deflect the strike aimed at his heart with his shield. My attacks don’t end after a single strike though. I follow up with a second and third strike, causing his shield to shatter.

“That’s nothing! What do you think about this!?”

After losing his defences, the knight swings his spear, betting his life on this single strike. I parry the attack with my spear of dwarven origin and reply with my own strike towards his head. The knight spins around three times before falling to the ground with his head smashed. There’s no way he’s still alive.

“I don’t know who he is, but he’s dead!!”

Despite the ridiculousness of screaming such words, it does its job to raise the soldiers’ spirits.

I dive into the herd of timid enemy soldiers.

They might be scared, but the Magrado soldiers aren’t weak. They quickly thrust their short spears at me, and one of them even grazes my arm, though I return a thrust at that soldier and pierce his chest, then lift him up and hurl him into the other soldiers. After finishing off about three more, a path between the enemies opens up.

“Aegir-sama!”

“Tch!”

A bowgun squad consisting of about 10 men appears behind me and releases their bolts. I immediately stab an enemy soldier and hold him up as a meat shield. The bolts

stab him and make an unpleasant sound on impact.

“Did we hit him?”

“Di-did we get him!?”

“Unfortunately not.”

I toss the unsightly corpse at the bowgun squad and rush at them, and when the soldiers try to close the path they opened, Irijina and the escort unit jumps in and scuffles with them.

“Oh no! My spare bowgun... uwaaaaaaah!!”

Naturally, I won't give him any time. I pressure the enemy hard as he tries to swap his weapons, swiping him once with my spear, then doing the same with the others, cutting down the soldiers who don't have shields or swords and couldn't do anything but scream.

About six of them get turned into corpses and three escape. The last enemy was able to swap his bowgun and points it at me... then starts lowering it uneasily.

“Ah... ahahaha.”

“Hahaha, you were close.”

The man was close, but his head is quickly sent flying in the air and that was when the enemy starts pulling back. Maybe they were exchanging their offensive unit with another one, or they're pulling back to reorganize themselves. For now, we've successfully repelled the first wave.

“Are you hurt!?”

“How about you?”

I just suffered a scratch on my left arm, Celia and Pipi are uninjured, and Irijina was cut in three areas. I guess that's natural, since she jumped in the middle of the enemies. We only lost a little over 100 soldiers, which isn't a lot.

I take a break to drink some water and chew on some dried meat, but the lookouts

shout once again. This time, they aren't coming just from the gate, they're using ladders and climbing over all parts of the wall.

"Don't just focus your attention on the gates. Crush the enemies climbing the wall!"

Just from a numerical standpoint, the enemy has an overwhelming amount and unless we limit them to a narrow passage, we can't fight them. We'll have to use the obstacles located around the place while fighting.

"The arrows are coming!!"

I hug Celia after she shouts and we enter a random house. In that moment, the gusting wind which drowns out the sound of the rain stops and is followed by the loud thudding sounds of arrows stabbing the roof of the building. What an incredible number of arrows – I have no doubt the enemy has more than 10,000 troops now.

The ferocious rain of arrows didn't cause many casualties amongst our allies. It's fortunate they prepared their own roofs.

"We would be hard-pressed if they used flaming arrows. In a way, we can be thankful to this rain."

"If it wasn't raining, we wouldn't be in a defensive position like this though."

The arrows stop suddenly.

"Alright, the enemy is coming. Get into your position!"

I give Celia a kiss before taking my spear and heading to the front of the city walls. The enemy soldiers climb the simple 4-m high walls and most of them are brought down with spears and bowguns but double the number of soldiers climbed back up. In addition, I can hear the sound of large hammers slamming against the wall, which means the walls will be destroyed pretty soon.

"Don't be so fixated on protecting the walls! We should be fine as long as we can protect the harbor!"

Eventually, the enemy soldiers climb over the wall and start clashing with our allied forces. At the same time, the city walls made of rocks crumble down making a

thundering sound and the enemies come flooding in from the gaps.

They need some form of encouragement here. I take a deep breath.

“Now, there are many foes coming at us... kill them allllllll!”

I direct my spear at the charging group of soldiers and sweep at their feet. Several legs are cut off and the shouting and screaming echo.

“This bastard!”

A soldier emerges from behind the fallen enemies after they lost their legs and thrusts his spear at me, but I grab it and slam him into the neighboring house with all my might. If it was made from wood, he might have just gotten sprains or bruises, but unfortunately, it was made out of stone, so his body smashes against the surface of the building.

“My leeeeg.” “Aaaaaaah!!”

I crush the fallen enemies who continue to shriek in pain with my iron boots.

“Well, who’s next!?”

Weak soldiers would be scared shitless at this point, but Magrado’s soldiers don’t seem to be that way, and are fired up to get revenge for their comrades.

“Die, war demon!” “This place will be your grave!”

“How courageous!”

I hold my spear with both hands and make three consecutive strikes while stepping forward, piercing through the armor of the rank-and-file soldiers and straight through their hearts, killing all three of them. I use the momentum of my charge and make a 360-degree sweep with my spear to knock away all the surrounding enemies. The enemies are strewn about and their blood gets sprayed in a circle around me, though it is quickly washed away by the rain.

“Bastard!”

In the opening which was created by my large motion, a sword cuts at my side. I'm wearing chainmail so it wasn't a deep wound, but I felt the damage.

"Fuun!"
Gugeeh..."

I've swung my spear completely around so I give him a punch straight into his face with my left fist. The man's face caves in and his limbs start twitching uncontrollably. After stomping on his head, an arrow brushes past me in front of my face.

"Hey! What are you missing for?!"
"My hands are shaking!"

Those guys, huh?

I grab the sword of a dead soldier and was about to chuck the weapon at them but archers and the spearmen protecting them soon collapse noisily. It looks like Pipi fired off several volleys at an incredible speed.

"Haah!"

Moreover, Celia jumps on the roof of a civilian house and bends her body back before snapping forward to throw the knives in both her hands, accurately gouging the eyes of those two.

"Get off quickly!"

She instantly gets targeted and a countless number of arrows rocket toward the top of the roof, but Celia nimbly rolls backward and drops off the roof. But now, it means I picked up this sword for nothing.

"We can overpower them with our numbers! Keep pushing them!"

I conveniently spot the commander shouting on horseback. Let's try something. I bring the sword back and fling it forward. The thrown weapon zooms at an incredible pace, even for me, and stabs the commander squarely in the face.

"Nice! Finally nailed one!"

"...it was the handle which stabbed into him though. Why the handle?"

The blade portion of the weapon is protruding from the front of his face and it's quite disturbing. It's like he's a new kind of undead.

When the fake undead dismounts from his horse, the surrounding soldiers naturally feel distraught.

"Now, who's next!?"

I grin broadly.

Although, I'm actually feeling quite hurt from being slashed just now.

The allied forces, who have been getting pressured, are now mounting their counterattack and fighting back along the wall. In amongst all the chaos, I'm a little bit away from their fighting, but that makes me stand out all the more. My allies push forward while the enemies continue to get more agitated.

It's the perfect time now.

"Chargeeeeeee—!!"

My allies start yelling after my shout.

The enemies have finally started to retreat and run away through the hole they opened in the city walls. The soldiers who were unlucky enough to not be near a hole are cornered and massacred.

"We somehow held out."

"The sun will set soon... we should get something to seal the hole in the walls and light up the torch in the rain shelter. "

"We lost about 500 soldiers."

"That's quite a few of them... but I guess that's pretty good considering how many we were up against."

"They attacked us with 10,000 this time. The enemy still has the forces to spare so I'm sure they'll come at us in waves."

Port Randel is a small city so it doesn't have enough space for 20 or 30 thousand to

attack at once. That's why it's best to attack continuously in groups of a few thousand at a time. We have to constantly fight with our entire army, but the enemy can attack us continuously by substituting their fatigued soldiers with fresh soldiers. This agonizing battle seems like it'll continue for a while.

Side Story: Kroll's Indiscretion (Final Part)

-Third Person POV-

"Alma! Almaaa!!"

"Stop it, Kroll! What's gotten into you? You're hurting me!"

Alma's pleas fall on deaf ears after Kroll has completely lost his sense of reason. He sucks on the girl's neck and fondles her breasts from on top of her clothes.

"No, no, nooo-! I don't want this!"

"Stay still!"

The male uses more strength to hold down the resisting girl. At last, there was a ripping sound and the thin cloth of the girl's night wear is torn.

"Noo—!!"

Her chest area is ripped open and her breasts, which are still barely mounds, are exposed. Alma quickly tries to cover herself up, but the lust-driven boy won't allow her to do so.

"Haa! Haa!"

He grabs her small breasts roughly and sucks on her cute, pink nipples.

"Alma... Alma..."

Kroll lifts the girl up and brings her to the bed. The boy has no troubles lifting the light body of the girl after training his body from doing the various chores in the mansion.

Alma stops resisting for an instant, but as she thinks about the only thing that was going to happen on the bed, she starts twisting her body again.

“Please, Kroll, calm down? You’re scary, don’t be so rough...”

She believes she could struggle enough to break free since Kroll seems so vulnerable now, but knowing that she might hurt someone who has grown up with her since she was small, she couldn’t bring herself to do it.

Alma quickly gets her night wear torn and is stripped naked after being thrown onto the bed. There’s nothing else the powerless girl could do after getting pinned on the bed. Kroll throws his clothes off as well and takes out his erect dick.

“Hiiih! Noo... don’t want this...”

The girl who gets frightened at the outright display of lust directed towards her provides a fresh stimulation to Kroll, who’s only slept with prostitutes.

“Here I go Alma!”

He holds down the girl’s thin waist and pushes his dick forward.

“Nooo!”

However, his dick misses the mark and slips onto her stomach.

“Come on-!”

He attempts to put it in again, but it doesn’t go into the hole. Kroll isn’t used to being with enough women that he can smoothly penetrate a girl who’s shaking her ass in resistance.

“Alma, don’t move around!”

“How can I not... please stop this... go back to the usual Kroll, please?”

Alma tries to talk to Kroll and somehow convince him from following through, but in that instant, she stops moving and the boy’s dick is perfectly aligned with the girl’s hole.

“Ah-! Don’t, it’ll go in!”

“Ah, Almaaaa!!”

Kroll pushes his hips forward. With the tip of his dick lodged at the entrance, his dick mercilessly plunges into her vagina, and the membrane which has protected the girl’s virginity for 14 years completes its duty and tears apart.

The sound of the hymen tearing was something only the two of them could hear.

“Noooooooooooo!!”

“Uooh, it feels so good!!”

Kroll starts swinging his hips, letting out groans while engrossed in the pleasure, but Alma shakes her head and sobs.

“Alma, it feels good! It’s the best!”

“Waaaaaah! Kroll, it hurts, it hurtsss!”

The sound of his hips slapping against her hips continue to resonate, but Kroll doesn’t stop moving.

“What do you think of my thing? Is it big? Is it long?”

“It’s big and it hurtss... stop... noo, it’s getting bigger!”

Hearing the girl tell him it’s big after feeling depressed from comparing himself to the overly large penis of his master innumerable times made him feel special and his dick swells up in response to that. His movements get even more intense, while Alma can only cry at this point.

Eventually, Kroll reaches his limit.

“C-cumming! I’m cumming!”

“...hurry... get this over with...”

But as he was pumping his hips to get himself over that edge to ejaculate, the door

swung open as if it was kicked open violently.

“Kroll! What on earth... what are you two doing!?”

The one who spoke out loudly was Melissa. Kroll's room is close to the servant's room. A girl's scream can clearly be heard from the other rooms and thus Melissa was advised.

“Melissa-san! T-this is-”

Kroll unconsciously pulls his dick out, which is now covered in a virgin's blood.

“Melissa-san... save mee...”

It is clear as day that Alma, who is laying powerlessly on her back and sobbing, did not consent to all of what happened.

“Ku-Kroooooo!!!!!!!”

Melissa winds her arm back and slaps Kroll's cheek without holding back, bringing the young boy to the floor. With that one hit, she opened Kroll's eyes which were clouded in lust.

“What a disaster-...! Alma, are you alright !?”

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaah...”

Melissa comforts the tear-stained face of Alma and glares daggers into Kroll.

“To rape your childhood friend after being reprimanded for going to the brothel district... I misjudged you!”

“I-I'm so sorry. I just... couldn't hold myself back...”

Melissa cuts his words short with her cold tone.

“...wait here. I'll teach you about what you did myself.”

With that said, Melissa leaves the room. There are servants outside the room too, but

the two in the room stare at each other awkwardly.

“...sorry for doing that.”

“...yeah, it hurt.”

Kroll prostrates himself at the feet of Alma, who is sitting on the bed and using the torn clothes to hide her body.

“It was my mistake! I’m really sorry... about your virginity!! I don’t mind if you step on me!”

“...yeah, okay.”

Alma presses down her feet but doesn’t rest her entire weight on Kroll. Kroll glances up slightly and is able to see Alma’s genitals close up. But instead of feeling lust, he feels a sense of guilt from being stepped on and seeing the blood-stained vagina.

“I’m really... sorry.”

“Yeah, I was also defenseless after all. Besides... I wanted to give my first time to Kroll. I really wanted it to be gentler and sweeter though.”

“Eh-!? Then...”

“I’ll forgive you. I’ll apologize to Melissa-san with you... so please don’t be rough ever again, ‘kay?”

“O-of course! Thank you!!”

As if ignoring the reconciliation between the two of them, the door swings open loudly. Melissa stands there imposingly with an angry look on her face.

“Eeeeh—!?”

“Pyiiiih!!”

The two of them scream together.

Melissa has her lower half exposed. That would be enough to get Kroll’s dick hard again, but she also had a thick dildo there... the tool she uses when she plays the male

role for Maria and Catherine is protruding outwards. Naturally, the other end is molded in the shape of a dick so she can insert it into herself when she uses it.

“Now, Kroll... I’m going to teach you how a girl feels when she gets raped. Get on all fours on the bed!!”

Melissa spits on her hand and gets the dildo wet.

“Eeeh, w-what are you going to do!?”

“Melissa-san! It was also because of my carelessness, so it isn’t only Kroll’s fault...”

“If I don’t properly educate a 15 year-old boy who would rape a girl, he will go down the wrong path in the future! Now, prepare yourself!”

Kroll isn’t able to resist much as Melissa pushes against him from behind. As you would expect, he struggles when he feels the strange sensation of something prodding at the entrance of his ass, but he isn’t able to exert much strength when he feels Melissa’s voluminous breasts pressing against his back. There’s no way Melissa would miss her spot, since she’s gotten used to doing this on a regular basis.

“Eei!”

“Uwaaaaaaaah!!!!!!”

The dildo gradually pushes into the young man’s ass, making a squelching sound as it spreads apart his insides. His limp dick suddenly becomes erect and he sprays out his semen as if the dildo pushed it out.

“How does it feel!? It hurts, doesn’t it, it’s painful, isn’t it!? It’s even more painful for a girl!!”

“Waaaaaaaah!! Oooooooooooh!!”

Kroll screams as the burly dildo is buried in his ass and continues to ejaculate while crying. Eventually, the semen in his balls is emptied, but he continues to secrete a clear liquid.

“Have you reflected on what you did? Are you going to do it again? Come on, apologize!”

“Aaaaaaoh... my assssss... is burning... I’m sorry! Guaaaah, feels good...”

Melissa swings her hips firmly, while Kroll continues to cry but somehow looks happy, and finally Alma, who has stopped thinking due to things getting so confusing. And then, the night ends.

The Next Morning

“Ahem, I also overdid it yesterday, but have you properly reflected on your actions, Kroll?”

“Y-yes ma’am! I will take responsibility and make it up to Alma!”

“Me too... well, I liked Kroll in the first place anyways... but I don’t like it rough.”

“Alright. If you’re going to do something naughty, then do it in your room at night. Without exception, it must be done with mutual consent, and don’t get too crazy with your ideas, ‘kay?”

““Yes ma’am!!”“

But there’s no way a young man and young woman who like each other could wait until night when they live in the same house, so ever since that day, they were repeatedly seen having sex between some trees in the garden, in the storage room, and even the toilet, causing Melissa to be at her wit’s end.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 44,700

Port Randel

Kingdom Army: 2400

East Coast

Private Army: 8000 (Units brought to battle only)

Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 4000

Cannons: 10 (1 Genuine)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 26,300

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 8000

Not strictly under the command of the protagonist.

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi (mascot), Tristan (house-sitting)

Current Location: Port Randel

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel

Chapter 151

Magrado War ③

Raging Fire at 48 Hours

-Aegir POV-

“It’s a night attack-!!”

My eyes open to the shouts of the lookout and I rock Celia awake.

“Put on your armor!”

“Funya... mu-! Yessir!!”

We go outside after arming ourselves as fast as possible to see an intense clashing of swords already happening. As predicted, they snuck past the gaps in the city walls to attack us.

The soldiers were taking turns to sleep so a couple of them were already awake, but you can see the fatigue in their eyes. Because of the rain, there isn’t much light either so not much detail is known, but it doesn’t seem like an attack consisting of a large number of enemies. With night attacks, there is a possibility of friendly fire if performed with a big group after all. This is probably closer to harassment, just to tire us out.

“Don’t falter! There aren’t many of them, chase them back!!”

Celia slices upward from the crotch of the enemy who charges at me while I’m shouting.

“Dohyaaaa!!”

It cuts in quite deep.

Celia’s height has something to do with it too, but she often aims for the enemy’s crotch

or thighs. It's easier to cut their heads off though, isn't it?

"This bitch!"

Two enemies follow up and slash at Celia, but she rolls forward to dodge them before slicing at one of the man's ankles. The man got the tendons in his ankles cut and falls over but the other one attempts to kick Celia as she stands up.

"Hey."

I grab the man by the helmet and pull him towards me.

"Hiiih!"

"Don't touch my woman!"

I make a fist with both hands and punch his head through the helmet from both sides. His head is left ringing for a while and fluids start leaking from various places.

"Aegir-sama!"

"Be careful, Celia. I'll cry if you get hurt."

I warn her while piercing an enemy soldier's stomach with my spear and tossing him aside.

"Yes! Aegir-sama too!"

Celia tosses her swords up in the air and grabs the short swords at her waist, throwing them with both hands before grabbing the fallen swords. The two short swords she thrown accurately hit two enemies because I could hear their cries of agony. She's skilled in a lot of different ways.

At that time, I could hear someone making a fuss near the stables. It seems the enemy was trying to sneakily steal the horses.

"Wh-what's with this one!"

"Gyaaah!"

When I run over, I see Schwartz holding down four enemies – three to be exact, since

one has already been trampled to death.

“Enough of this! Just kill it!”

“This thing-...!”

Before the sword could hit its target, Schwartz snaps his hind legs to give the man a vicious kick, sending the man flying and crushing his skull in the process. He tackles the other enemy in front of him with his body and mercilessly drops his hooves on the fallen enemy.

“Gyaaaaah!!”

Schwartz, who weighs more than one ton, easily crushes the enemy, making a snapping sound similar to a dead tree being stepped on.

“This-!..... huh?”

The enemy was about to get into a stance with his spear, but his hand and that spear have already dropped to the ground.

“Sorry, this is my horse, you see, so could you stop messing around with him?”

“Aaaaaah... aaaaaaaaaaaaaah...!!”

He stares blankly at the hand he lost and didn’t register anything I said. I’ll finish him off quickly.

I cleanly stab the unresisting man in the heart before jumping on Schwartz.

“Celia, take command of the troops. I’m... heading out for a bit.”

The enemy is continuing to flood in from the hole in the city walls. In other words, there should only be enemies in that direction and I don’t have to worry about friendly fire when I go wild.

“We’re charging in, let’s go.”

Schwartz seems to have gotten worked up after getting rid of three people. I’ll let him rampage as much as he wants.

“Rush in!!”

The jet black Schwartz dashes forward, heading into the pitch black darkness.

“Uwaah! Wh-what the-!? Gyaaah!!”

I charge straight into a line of enemy soldiers on Schwartz. With one strike of my spear, I knock back several enemies while Schwartz tramples over any enemies in the way.

We don't give them any time to respond. The sound of galloping hooves resonate in the night as I take out the surprised enemies one after the other. In the first place, it was presumed the night battle would be from close range and weapons like bows and bowguns would not be used due to the risk of friendly fire. Even long spears would get in the way, so the enemy army's main weapons consisted of short spears and swords, meaning I'm free to hunt all of them down.

“11! 12!”

Using the momentum from charging, I stab through the 13th person and pierce through his body, and use the remaining energy to puncture the 14th person too. As one would expect, it would be too heavy for one hand to lift, so I drag the two people skewered on my spear like dango and pull out my Dual Crater with my left hand. As I pass by each person on horseback, I slice them one by one, causing them to stare dumbfoundedly and stop moving entirely, but I hear screams from behind me a bit later. There's probably a time lag as the bodies slide apart after being sliced.

I reach the center of the enemy after charging for some time. It would be bad if I get surrounded.

“H-hey, isn't that an enemy!?”

“Surround him! With everyone...”

“Schwartz, turn left!”

Schwartz stops on a dime and twists his body to the left.

“UOoooh!!”

Because I was dragging it around on the ground, part of the bodies on my spear have torn off, but I use my strength to force it up off the ground. I can feel the muscles in my right arm bulging out.

“Dorryaaa!!”

As I swing down on the enemies coming at me from the front, a terrifying sound echoes. Judging from the impact, close to 10 people were sent flying back... and the two who were skewered on my spear have flown somewhere too. Now it's much lighter.

“Mo-monster, that horse and rider are both demons!”

“There's no way we could defeat someone like this... I don't want to die yet!!”

This should have broken their spirits, but a spear suddenly lunges at me from the darkness. There's no time for me to block with my spear so I try to twist my body to evade the strike, but the tip gouges into my thigh and gives me a shallow cut.

“Look! Even gods bleed! He'll die if you cut him!”

The one man who cut me is wearing a different outfit than the other soldiers around him.

I see, so he's a brave commander.

“We'll attack with everyone next. If we finish him off, getting peerage might not be just a dre-... hgyaa?”

It really pisses me off that he injured me, so I swing my spear with my utmost strength. It was so fast he probably didn't even see it. He's spouting some nonsense, but it doesn't matter anymore. After all, there's nothing left of his face except the bottom part.

“Well...”

I glance quickly at the soldiers trying to surround me and lightly tap the commander, who is still standing but has lost half of his head, with the handle of my spear. The corpse falls over and makes a thud on the ground, halting the enemy soldiers in their tracks.

“I’m going back, but come along if you want to chase after me.”

Schwartz gallops off in double time and the enemies on the path open up a way for us despite continuing to point their spears at us. I don’t sense any of them pursuing me from behind.

“Hey, if we don’t chase him...”

“I’ll go if you go.”

“Spare me.”

I guess the enemy soldiers aren’t going to follow. That means I’ll have an easier time fighting.

“Guh! There’s more where that came from! Take that!”

A fierce battle is still ongoing in the center of the city. In the middle of all that is Irijina, who’s rampaging at the very front of the other soldiers.

She’s fighting hard while leading four other soldiers, but there are over 30 enemy soldiers in front of her. It’s impressive how there are already five corpses at her feet, but it still remains a tall task to defeat all of them.

“Agh!”

A spear pierces Irijina’s thigh. Blood is drawn and my beloved woman groans. Before I knew it, the only thing I can see is red. Schwartz neighs viciously – apparently we feel the same.

“Get in there, Schwartz. Kill them all.”

From a brisk gallop to a full-out sprint, Schwartz picks up speed and charges into the herd of enemies from behind. A few of them get crushed and scream out. I won’t let anyone of them escape, they’re all going to die.

“How dare you injure my woman.”

I dismount from Schwartz and first take out the two in front of me with quick thrusts, then bash the head of another one with the handle of my spear. Next, I leave my spear in place so I can hold my Dual Crater with two hands.

“Don’t think you can leave alive, you hear?”

“What the heck is with this guy!?”

“What does he want all of a su-gugh!”

“Forget about that woman in front, this guy’s more dangerous! Gueh!”

I swing my Dual Crater around as I spin, almost like a tornado tearing through people. The blade’s fearsome sharpness is nothing to scoff at, and although I won’t be able to take out multiple enemies all at once like with my spear, I can slice through things like swords and shields with ease if I put some strength behind my attacks.

“Hyaaah!!” “I lost my haaand!” “ My leg!” “My stomach was cut... someone... help me...”

Hands, legs, heads and torsos are all sent flying in the air. All of them splash blood everywhere and it was like being in the center of a whirlwind of red liquid. I not only swung my sword around, I also headbutted and kicked enemies, then finished them off by grabbing their chin or neck and crushing them with my bare hands. The thirty soldiers quickly become a scattering of loose pieces.

“He-... help me...”

“Nope.”

I bisect the last enemy, running my sword from the top of his head down to his crotch, turning all the enemies in this area into corpses. I run over to Irijina, who’s wrapping a bandage on her subordinates.

“Are you alright?”

“Yeah, it wasn’t a fatal wound... but I won’t be able to fight as I wish like this...”

“No, you did well. Go nurse your wound in the back.”

“But now is not the time to be saying that!”

“I’ll put in extra effort for your sake too. Just stay alive and return the favor in bed.”

Irijina looks at the mess I made.

“Okay... but when things get bad, I’ll fight!”

If that time ever comes, I’ll let you escape. I tell myself that in my heart as the soldiers take Irijina along to the back. Before I realized it, the enemy soldiers have already started pulling back.

“Well done, everyone. Station some lookouts and take a breather. The next wave will probably be at dawn.”

We’ve won temporarily but it’s nothing to cheer about. As one would expect, three consecutive battles since yesterday morning would build up fatigue. Not to mention, it’ll only be several hours before we have to fight another battle. At this rate, everyone will eventually collapse.

“Aegir-sama!”

“Oh, Celia, are you hurt?”

“I’m fine, Irijina-san is...”

“Pipi’s unharmed too.”

“My leg got hit. It’s not life-threatening, but I probably won’t be able to fight adequately.”

I pat Pipi’s head as she plays around innocently.

“Is that so... Christoph was the only one injured over here. His shoulder was cut quite nicely...”

Well that’s a relief. We’ve known each other for a somewhat long time, so it would be a little sad.

“The enemy’s sword was smeared with blood and slipped so the blade didn’t pass through the area where his chainmail was. On top of that, the impact knocked him out cold so the enemy mistakenly thought he was dead.”

What should I even say?

“His only injuries are a light cut and a bruise. He isn’t conscious at the moment but he’ll be ready to fight as soon as he wakes up.”

This guy has been through so many harsh battles and still has not once received a fatal injury. But he also has the rare ability of not being able to add anything to his military accomplishments.

“Anyhow, next time will be tomorrow morning. Get some sleep even if only for a short time.”

I say that as I remove my armor covered in the blood of the enemies. It’s a bit of a pain to have to change into my armor for every enemy attack, but I think I can sleep a little easier this way.

“Ah-! You’re wounded...!”

“It’s just a scratch, ignore it.”

“But...”

“If we don’t sleep now, we won’t be able to last in tomorrow’s battle. It’ll heal itself when I’m sleeping.”

After Celia thinks about it for awhile, she quickly gets naked. Naturally, Pipi is also naked. I just want to get as much rest as possible.

But Celia unnecessarily notices how my dick has gotten rock hard.

“Is it because of all the fighting... it looks so hard it hurts. Shall I help you relieve it?”

“Pipi will suck too, ‘kay?”

My dick is pent up and pushing against the futon. But I’d feel sorry for making the girls service me knowing that they’re already tired.

“I don’t mind, so let’s sleep. If we just cling to each other while naked, I’m sure it’ll release by itself.”

With that said, I lay down with the two of them. They're tired as I thought, since it hasn't been a minute and both of them are already fast asleep. I'm probably fatigued as well, since my eyes are getting heavier and heavier.

The Next Day

Because of the neverending rain, the morning sun doesn't come up, and the only way to tell it was morning was from the sky subtly getting brighter. The three of us spring out of bed.

"I'll get ready immediately!" "Pipi is fine like this!"

The two stop moving for an instant after getting up.

"Incredible. As expected of Aegir-sama."

"The chief has an inexhaustible supply of seed."

Sure enough, my semen sprayed out while I was sleeping and made a big puddle on all three of our stomachs. Normally, this seed would be dyeing the insides of a woman's pussy... sorry, forgive me for shooting you guys out pointlessly.

"Once this siege is over, I want to properly inject all of this inside you girls."

"Of course. As much as you want... in my vagina, in my mouth or even in my ass!" "Pipi wants it in the ass!"

Alright, now I'm motivated. Let's get going to this defensive battle.

We exit the house, with its roof covered in arrows like a porcupine, and get into position on the road. Because of the battle, many areas in the city walls have crumbled and it can no longer be considered a point of defense. Now, we have to fight within the city and chase the enemy out.

"Everyone listen! The enemy's attack will still persist and many of you will probably die. But if you are able to successfully protect this place and survive... good food, wine and women will be waiting for you. Eat, drink, and release your seed... so, it's worth

betting your life for, don't you think!?"

The soldier laughs dryly.

I'll take this as them being happy, even if they're faking it.

"Now, this will be a battle to the death!"

Enemy soldiers come rushing in through the countless gaps in the city walls. We have set up our positions on the road behind many obstacles which we have created by sticking the spears and swords, which the enemies left behind the other night, in piles of dirt on top of stacked carts and rubble with their sharp tips pointing outwards. This is just a little defensive measure.

When the enemies see our defensive encampments, they stop moving and call their archers forward.

"Arrows are coming, cover yourselves with something!"

Several houses were dismantled in advance so the soldiers could equip themselves with a thick wooden plank. As long as the enemy doesn't use flaming arrows, it should protect the soldiers hiding under these boards from any incoming arrows.

"But it's boring to be repeatedly shot at. Have you prepared those things?"

"Yes... are we really doing this?"

"Yeah, it'll be interesting, don't you think?"

The soldiers brought me the spears retrieved from the corpses of the enemy soldiers which were leftover from enhancing the defensive structures. Most of them are around the same length and divided into many bundles tied together with a simple rope. I grab one of those bundles and draw my arm back. The soldiers raise their shields to block any arrows flying at their heads.

"Fuuun!"

The bundle of spears I threw with all my might flies in an arc and lands in the middle of the enemy archers.

“Gyaah!”

“Shit! They even have a siege engine!?”

Three of the enemy soldiers get skewered simultaneously.

“One more shot.”

I grab another bundle of spears and chuck it towards the enemy. It seems the enemy was prepared for it this time and the soldiers at the landing destination set up their shields... but were still skewered. The force from an arrow cannot compare to that of a javelin, but the weapon I threw was a regular spear. However, the weight of the bundle of spears is too much. Factoring in the energy it gets from being thrown, it wasn't something shields could stop.

“A human ballista...”

I'll remember the person who said that just now.

If he manages to survive, I'll give him the four ugliest women.

I continue throwing those spear bundles and take down a few dozen enemies, which help excite my allies, but doesn't affect the entire battle much. Eventually, the enemy realizes their arrows are ineffective, orders their archers to stand down and gets ready to approach us for a close-quarter fight.

Now that the enemy is charging at us, there's no time for me to waste throwing each and every spear at them.

“Untie all the ropes, I'll finish them all at once.”

“Eeeh!? Geez, that's absurd...”

Celia grumbles but still loosens all the rope, leaving 10 bundles of about 50 spears all spread out, which I carry and prop up on my shoulder. As one would expect, I won't be able to throw all of this very far, so I have to get a little closer to the enemy.

“Uoooooooooh-!! Chargeeee-!!”

With the enemies pressing forward and my allies ready with their weapons, I take a running approach and hurl all the spears right before their imminent collision. The

spears disperse and fly in all directions, raining down on the enemies who were only focused on the encampment in front of them.

The enemy soldiers were unable to deal with the sudden downpour of spears and one squad gets defeated right as they clash with my allies. Even my allies are in awe. But even though those spears are normal spears, the combined weight of several spears is still fairly heavy.

My shoulder is tired now.

“I never thought it was strange that the Corps Commander was something greater than a human.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if he was actually an orc.”

“Quit your yapping! Look, the next wave is coming!”

The enemy was surprised for only an instant when their vanguard was wiped out, but that didn’t make them give up. Many battalions composed of several hundred soldiers, even including cavalry, come charging at us. I give my favorite spear a twirl before stepping forward.

“Well, let’s do this! Pile up their corpses.”

They probably want the cavalry to disrupt cause chaos in our encampments, since they’re the ones charging at us first with their spears.

“I won’t let you.”

I thrust my spear at the leading cavalry unit and pierce the horse’s throat, then swing it away to the side. The rider was also flung off his horse violently and rolled off somewhere in an exhausted mess.

“Next!”

As the second cavalry lunges at me with his spear, I evade the strike and grab his weapon, then pull him down off his horse and crush his neck with my foot.

I slash the horse’s legs of the third cavalry to topple the rider, then let my allies finish him off.

In such a narrow passage where it's easy to predict their movements, they aren't able to use the fully utilize the cavalry's strength.

"You need to study how to use cavalry properly!"

For the fourth cavalry, I bash the horse's face with the shaft of my spear to knock it unconscious, then stab the rider who was flung in the air. I swing the skewered soldier around before tossing him back at the enemy.

The enemy soldiers falter slightly and then they look at me angrily.
It seems like the soldier I threw was a commander they respected quite a bit.

"Get revenge for the Baron! All units... chargeeeee!!"

"Just what I wanted, I'll take all of you down!"

Both armies collide with each other on this narrow road.
A fierce battle has started.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.
Commander of Third Army Corps
Subordinate Squad: 43,700

Port Randel
Kingdom Army: 1400

East Coast
Private Army: 8000 (Units brought to battle only)
Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 4000
Cannons: 10 (1 Genuine)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 26,300

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 8000
Not strictly under the command of the protagonist.

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander, injured), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi (mascot), Tristan (house-sitting)
Current Location: Port Randel
Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel

Chapter 152

Magrado War ④

Hell by 72 Hours

-Aegir POV-

“The enemy is retreating!”

“Let’s hear the victory cheers-!”

The commanders strain their voices but don’t get much of a response. All the soldiers similarly rest the weight of their bodies on their weapons or against a wall and collapse on the spot.

It’s totally understandable, since this is the sixth consecutive battle we started fighting on the defensive counting from the first day, including two night attacks, so everyone has reached their limits from the continuous pressure of the enemy.

“How are our losses looking like?”

Celia is gasping for air, but she still puffs out her chest with pride.

“The casualties... no, there are 500 surviving soldiers and 300 who are too injured to move.”

“I see. Have everyone move only the corpses around the wells! Once they’re finished, they can have a drink, eat a meal and even sleep, but with their armor on.”

There are countless bodies in the city of both enemy and ally. Normally, the corpses would need to be removed in order to eliminate any chance for plague to spread, but there are far more corpses than survivors so it doesn’t look possible to move all of them. That’s why we’ll just make the areas around the wells clean enough that no rotten fluids flow into the water and ignore the rest.

“There’s pretty much no use trying to raise the soldiers’ morale now...”

“The enemy also knows that our numbers have dwindled. It won’t be long before their next attack.”

We fought hard and made the enemies suffer more casualties than we have troops. But fighting a defensive battle with a force one tenth of the enemy’s size pushed us to the limit. Rain continues to fall as I gaze up at the sky, but the relentlessness seems to have diminished somewhat and a thick fog is creeping out, not only making the coast barely visible, but making it hard to see even the area in front of you. It doesn’t seem appropriate to send ships out in this weather either.

“Aegir-sama, I’ve secured a boat, although it is small in size. If things are about to get ugly, then at least Aegir-sama can...”

If I have a boat, then I’ll let Irijina and Celia and the others escape. The raging waters might lead them astray, but they might reach a safe location if they’re lucky. I feel a little bit more relieved.

“Let Irijina get on the boat. As for me...”

I hold my spear in my hand and head up the road. I can hear the enemy’s screams. I guess we don’t have time to sleep.

“Everyone, abandon the defence of the city walls and fall back to the harbor!”

The encampments near the city walls have all been destroyed. The only thing left to protect is the harbor.

“Knight Dhorne-dono died in battle!”

“The front is collapsing! Have both wings fall back, or they’ll surround us!”

“If we fall back any further, we’ll fall in the river? Perfect, the river won’t thrust spears back at you!!”

The shouting of my allies echoes all around me and I can even hear the sound of swords clashing very clearly, reaching all the way to the harbor where I’m taking command.

“They have recaptured almost all of Port Randel. The only place left is...”

“Just the harbor.”

In addition to the city being completely surrounded, the enemy is pushing us to the harbor from the inside of the city. Fortunately, the area in front of us is restricting so the several thousand soldiers overflowing in the city could not move and they could only send several hundred soldiers at us at a time.

“Let’s go Celia.”

“Yes! I will accompany Aegir-sama... until the very end!”

“I will return to the mountains with the chief!”

I take whatever is left of the escort unit and head towards the enemy.

It seems Celia and Pipi intend to die with me. Irijina wanted to fight until the end too, since she was still holding onto her spear despite standing on one leg with all the other injured soldiers. Everyone plans to die here, but I want to live on and return home. However, I’d feel sorry if I ruined their mood by saying that, so I’ll keep that thought to myself.

“Charge in!”

There is no need for trickery. The enemy is pushing at us from the front in a dense formation so there is nowhere to run. Then, there’s no other option but to continuously defeat the enemies coming at you.

“Fuun!”

I slam my spear on the head of an enemy fighting with one of my allies. The sound of impact made by my strike stood out from the piercing rings of metal and the soldier’s head splits open like a watermelon dropped from the second story.

“Let me join in too.”

I follow up with a rising strike, sending the enemy soldier flying in a nice parabolic trajectory. Cheers erupt from my allies while the enemies scream.

“I’m heading to the right wing!”

“Idiot! That puts me in front of the war demon, don’t leave your post!”

I run my spear through the backs of any escaping enemies and swing my weapon left and right to create a hole in the enemy’s ranks.

“Sorrra!”

I jump into the opening I created and whip my spear around full circle, causing loud metallic clangs, cries of agony and a whirlwind of blood. With that, I eliminate all enemy soldiers within the range of my spear – a circle with a radius of a little over 3 meters.

“10 soldiers in one swing...!”

“So he’s really a demon of some kind ?!”

“Who are you calling a demon!?”

I grab the soldier who was bad mouthing me by the lower jaw and throw him away, then stab another one with my spear. While I’m at it, I’ll kick away the one beside them too.

“What’s wrong? Come and get me if you want the commander’s head!”

““U... uoooooooooh !!”“

The three of them run at me with their spears. Good, that’s right. It makes things easier than having to come get you myself.

“Shi-!”

I defeat two of the charging enemies with consecutive strikes with my own spear. The remaining soldier’s spear digs into my side.

“I did it! I took out the war demon... or not!”

Unfortunately, I just caught it with the side of my body. I place my hand on the pathetic soldier who lost his weapon and casually snap his neck.

““““Dorryyyaaaaa!!”“““

Four enemies are rushing at me holding large two-handed swords above their heads, then swing their weapons down at me simultaneously. I quickly react by turning my spear sideways and blocking their attacks.

A sharp metallic sound echoes as my weapon stops their slashes, the fearsome impact generated from the collision enough to break any normal spear. I'll have to treat the dwarves to some alcohol next time.

"He stopped us!" "Even the four of us together can't take him out!?"

"This isn't enough, you're still too weak!"

I push off my foot hard enough for it to sink into the muddy ground slightly and push their swords back. The four enemies fly backwards and into their allies, who are packed tightly behind them, causing all of them to tumble.

"Fire!"

Sensing something bad will happen, I turn around. As soon as the squad of bowgun-equipped soldiers enter my field of vision, their bolts fly towards me. I instinctively block one, but another one pierces into my thigh.

"Guh..."

"Finish him !"

They must have two layers of attacks set up as several more bolts soar towards me, one of which stabs into my abdomen. I can hear the sound of the bolt hitting my body.

"Noooooooooooo!! Aegir-samaaaaaa!!!"

"The corps commander got hit!"

"I-it's... over now."

Celia abandons her sword and runs towards me.

Idiot, you'll get yourself killed too if you do that. Plus, this isn't something to scream about.

“That was close, I thought I was going to die.”

I place my hand on my stomach and pull out the bolt stuck in my body.
I’m glad the tip isn’t too big, but it still hurts.

“Aegir-sama?”

“Eh? Why is he still... alive?”

Instinctively tensing up my abdominal muscles saved me. If I slacked off on my daily training, it probably would have reached my organs.

“His muscles stopped it!? This bowgun is powerful enough to penetrate plate armor though!”

“Heere, I’ll return this to you!”

I throw the bloody bolt back at the soldier who fired it and it pierces him accurately in the eye.

“Well, I’m not dead yet. What are you going to do next?”

They quickly prepare to fire a second volley, but we aren’t that naïve. Allied soldiers concentrate their bowguns and throwing knives at them, defeating the entire enemy bowgun squad.

“Aegir-samaa... gosh! Geez!”

Regardless of it being in the middle of a battlefield, Celia clings to me with tears in her eyes.

Hey, come on, do this later. If we survive this, I’ll make love to you until you faint and piss yourself.

“Alright, let’s fight.”

“Yessir! I’m ready!”

Alright, she’s back to normal.

I’m glad that the sensitive Celia can’t discern how bad my condition is from my face

due to the rain. It might not have dug into my internal organs, but it was just barely and blood won't stop flowing out from the wound. Fortunate for me, she can't tell the difference from that blood and the enemy's blood.

Now that Celia cheered up, she rushes at the enemy like an arrow, slicing the legs of the enemies one after the other. With their legs taken out, the enemy soldiers roll on the ground and impede the path of their fellow soldiers behind them. This might be better than killing them outright.

"Their legs! Aim for their legs!"

The spears of the allied soldiers are aimed lower, piercing at the enemy soldiers' thighs and calves. The injured enemies fall over and obstruct their reinforcements from rushing in and thereby relieving some pressure. The enemy commander orders them to advance while stepping over the fallen soldiers, but none of them were too pleased to trample and kill any of their comrade-in-arms.

I'm positioned at the place where the enemy's attack is the fiercest while Celia, Gido and the escort unit are turning the enemy soldiers into corpses beside me. Naturally, the enemies try to stop them with their arrows and bowguns but everytime they tried, they got hit in the head or heart with arrows and died. Pipi has camped out on the roof of a slightly elevated storehouse near the harbor. Her arrows graze over our heads and defeat the enemies.

The enemy's attacks are getting even more intense and I no longer have the luxury to decide which enemy to attack first, rather I have my hands full just beating down the enemies in front of me. The sound from my surroundings gradually drowns out and everything starts to move in slow-motion.

I can see the arrow flying slowly towards me from the front and I duck to dodge in a similarly slow motion. I brush away the approaching enemies with my spear, kick them away and trample them.

Gido defeats them after locking swords with them, evading their sword attacks with a paper-thin margin, then thrusting up at their throats in return. As spears thrust at Celia, she cuts the arm holding the weapon and spins her way close to the enemy to cleanly slice their neck, dyeing herself red with the blood she spills.

As I knock back a crowd of enemies in front, I can clearly see the results of my attack.

One of their heads got cut off, two of their heads were crushed and two of them were just blown away. An attack comes at me from the side, but it should really be more towards my back since this strike is within my field of perception.

I elbow and crush the nose of the man who attacked me from the side, grab his head, then slam him against a rock on the ground.

At that moment, I felt something prick into me. A spear must have stabbed my back, but they made the right choice to attack in my blind spot where I can't deal with them. However, he lacks the strength to penetrate my body completely despite aiming for the gap in my armor. It just hurts.

I grab the spear to bring the enemy soldier to the ground. As I was about to step on him, Celia rushes over in a flurry of rage after seeing him stab me and cuts him up.

"How bad is the wound!?"

I can't even reply to Celia's frantic question.

I continue to run my spear into the pressing enemies and toss them aside.

Celia and Gido are practically stuck behind and beside me in a tight formation, not willing to leave me. Now, I won't be able to swing my spear too much like this.

In this desperate situation, the heavily-armed and well-trained escort unit, which suffered relatively few casualties, also fight hard around me. But fighting endlessly eventually exhausts them and they also get pushed back gradually.

"The arrows have stopped coming. Does this mean Pipi has also-?"

"No, the storehouse is still quite far back and the enemies hasn't gone there yet. Maybe she ran out of arrows... or her bow broke."

Due to the overuse from consecutive battles, she didn't have the opportunity to do maintenance on her weapon so it's possible that it might have broken.

"We have no choice but to keep fighting! "

As I send some more enemies flying, the encirclement pulls back. Hm, did we fend them off?

“Please be careful. Something is up.”

Unlike what they have been doing, the enemies back off and keep a distance. They are still surrounding us, but a little further back.

“That is... not good!”

An object soars over our heads, casting a large shadow and making a low-pitched sound as it cuts through the air, distinct from how normal arrows sound like. Some ally soldiers cover their heads with shields anticipating arrows, but they were crushed along with their shields.

“A ballista... so they brought it with them in the city.”

The idle soldiers who couldn't participate in attacking us are not playing around.

They brought out roughly 20 of those ballistae and are firing large bolts consecutively. Shields or roofs won't protect us from those large arrow-like things. Our allies are defeated one after the other and our ranks are being torn to pieces.

“Haau!”

One of those bolts fall to the ground near Celia and a shattered iron fragment shoots into Celia's shoulder. The fragment isn't big but it's causing her to lose a lot of blood and she won't be able to fight.

“Gido, take Celia and Irijina to the boat. Then set out when you find a chance.”

“Eh!?”

“No way! I can still fight! I won't leave Aegir-sama's side!”

“Listen to me! Irijina is pregnant with my child right now... she hasn't realized when she came here. You'll have to protect her Celia.”

“Eh? Didn't you use contraception...”

“Just listen to me and go!”

Of course that's a lie. But if I didn't say that, this girl wouldn't leave me even if she dies.

However, just as Gido and Celia were about to fall back, a rushing wind sound can be heard overhead and a bolt falls even closer to them than before, causing another fragment of iron – this time the size of a sword – to fly at them.

“Watch out!”

Gido pushes Celia down. Then he doesn't move at all after.

“Wai-! What are you doing in front of Aegir-sama... let go! Move it!... Gido?”

“Guh... gah...”

The iron shard is embedded deep into Gido's back. There is blood leaking from the side of his abdomen as well. It looks as if the fragment pierced through his body. He spits out blood and remains motionless on the ground.

“Gido...”

Celia and I exchange glances. Is there any chance he would survive an injury that pierces his body? Even worse, it doesn't seem like any medicine would help either.

“...Aegir-sama, three wounded people won't be able to steer a ship properly. I'll stay here till the very end.”

There's nothing I can say anymore. But I don't intend to die yet.

There is another rushing wind sound and I can see a faint shadow this time. It's above my head.

Celia goes quiet and closes her eyes.

Good grief, she really wants to die today, doesn't she.

“Ooooooooooh...”

I lower my hips and build up some power.

“Dorryaaa!”

My spear collides with the extremely thick arrow falling down from above my head. Both sides seem to be locked in a stalemate for an instant, but after a dull sound, the large arrow is deflected diagonally forward and back towards a crowd of enemy soldiers. They shout in astonishment.

“Celia, never give up. Open your eyes!”

“Right!!”

Celia’s injured arm hangs limp but she holds her sword in the other one and glares at the enemy. Seeing how we have completely fallen apart, the ballistae have stopped firing and the enemy soldiers advance forward again.

It was at that time.

There was that sound of rushing wind again created from a ballista being fired, but the enemy ballistae should not be firing now.

The large bolt flies over our heads and rains down on top of the enemy soldiers’ heads. Dozens of bolts pour down and stop the enemy’s advance. Following the bolts are several hundred arrows.

There’s nothing but river behind us. Unless the water god has come to help, there is only one answer.

“A-allies——!!”

“Reinforcements have finally arrived——!!”

The allies who were on the verge of death explode with cheers.

The ones who added in their attacks were the battleships, followed by the transport ships which are continuously unloading soldiers on the harbor. Only a mere 2000 were dropped off, but the fact that we received reinforcements is enough to give our allies hope and cause panic in the enemy’s heart.

“They did well to cross the river in this fog...”

Now that I realize it, the rain has become more of a drizzle, the amount of water in the river has decreased and the current has also slowed down. Even if it rains over here,

the current will go back to normal when it stops raining upstream.

The enemy's offense has been halted, allowing Gido and Celia to fall back and treat their wounds. In that moment, a flag can be seen in the middle of the water near the harbor. It was coming from the opposite shore and continued at a regular interval but was shrouded by the fog.

"That is... they're not moving. Maybe they fixed their position on the water using a rock?"

"They used a stone weight to fix their position and fly their flags. If they do so with even spacing, they can figure out our course even in this fog."

They probably changed the color of the flags and had several small boats do the same, then followed the colored boats to reach where we are. This is most likely Leopolt's idea. But more importantly, those two need treatment.

"I just have to stop the blood and can do it myself! Help Gido instead!"

The armor is removed from Gido's exhausted body and his clothes were cut open with a knife. As predicted, the iron fragment pierced his back and penetrated through his abdomen. His organs must be pretty damaged too.

"Aegir-sama... how does he look...?"

Nothing can be done about 80% of the injury. Maybe only about 20% can be treated with drugs and a doctor. If he's left here, he'll die 100%.

Celia must have determined the situation from my expression and grimaces, though it looks like it wasn't only because of the pain from her own injury.

"Get him on a returning transport ship, the doctor and medicine are still on the opposite shore."

"I will..."

"We're fine here. He protected you so send him off, don't hit him too hard even if he brushes against your breasts, got it?"

I look at Gido, who's barely keeping himself conscious.

"Gido, you did well to protect Celia. Your efforts will definitely be repaid, so don't die."

"Chief... -sama... take care... my wife..."

"I'll treat you and your wife well. If you survive, your reward will be doubled."

Gido smiles weakly.

Celia and I look at each other and she nods obediently, lending Gido her shoulder and taking him to the ship. The other injured soldiers are retrieved as well and the ship quickly turns around.

This fog is annoying, but also a stroke of luck. Right now, the enemy navy are unable to grasp any of our movements as long as this fog is out.

Eventually, the 2000 allies have completed their disembarkment and although their numbers are still vastly inferior to the enemy, they are energetic and fresh soldiers.

"Now, the backup is here! We've won this fight! Kill the rest of their soldiers!!"

"Uoooooh!!"

The reinforcements don't understand the situation but start cheering anyways. The other allied soldiers also cheer and continue fighting while believing in their victory.

"The enemy's reinforcement has come! How many of them are there!?"

"A few thousand? There's no way there are that many!?"

"Is it true that the enemy has landed outside the city as well? Send out the scouting unit to confirm!"

In reality, we are still being cornered, but this sort of momentum and atmosphere is important. Moreover, the enemy is not able to accurately ascertain the number of our reinforcements due to poor visibility. Because of that, the enemy seems ready to flee just from our war cries.

Judging that it's about time for me to contribute again, I jump onto Schwartz as he trots about.

“Take back the city!”

Since we have received reinforcements, our troops were able to mount a counterattack immediately and after an intense battle, we successfully chased the enemy out of the city of Port Randel again.

The fog lifted in the evening, and we were able to make two transport trips, increasing our troops to over 6000 during that time. The archers and ballistae are lined up as well, making this force one that is not so easily wiped out. I can almost hear the complaints of the enemy commanders.

“Now I can pretty much take a break too.”

They should have plenty of strength to deal with anything that comes their way during the night. I can finally relax and sleep until the morning. My wounds on my thigh and stomach hurt but the blood has stopped and my muscles have stopped it just in time, so they aren't anything major.

“But how troublesome.”

Because I wasn't able to sleep with a single woman during the fierce melee, my dick looks incredible now. As soon as I felt relief, my dick has gotten so hard it hurts even while I'm staying still.

“Chief~”

“Pipi, huh? You did well too.”

Celia and Irijina are wounded and have returned to the opposite shore so the only woman here is Pipi. I don't know if it's safe to call her a woman though. By the way, her bow broke as expected and she was left feeling chagrined.

“Is Gido dead?”

What a straightforward girl, but I know that Pipi doesn't beat around the bush.

“I don't know yet. It'd be nice if he survived though...”

“Pipi doesn't want Gido to die. Gido's an excellent warrior.”

“Agreed.”

I guess it'll be hard to ask for a quickie in this atmosphere. I'll just hug Pipi and go to sleep right away.

But Pipi dives under the blanket and squirms about. I feel a sharp sensation running through my crotch. Pipi's using her small tongue to lick my strained dick.

“Hey, hey, you're tired too aren't you? You don't have to push yourself.”

“Pipi wasn't useful in the fight... so I want to be useful as a woman at the very least.”

Pipi throws off the blankets and gives my dick one last strong suck before taking her mouth away and getting on all fours.

“There aren't any other girls today. If you'll accept Pipi then I want the chief to put his dick in Pipi's hole.”

As I'm worrying about the pain she would feel, her vagina is spread open with both hands.

“You're still small, so wait until you've grown a little...”

“Pipi wants to be embraced! Chief... Pipi is the only girl who hasn't received your penis yet. Is Pipi... defective?”

Pipi jumps on me and desperately tries to get me in the mood by licking my neck, kissing me and rocking her hips. Normally, we'd settle with petting, mutual rubbing and licking of each other's genitals.

But this time, I've fought endlessly, escaped death several times and built up a lot of pent up lust to feel more turned on than I have before. At this point, I wouldn't be surprised if I dug into Sharon's ass.

Yes, she might be young and small but I don't think I'm at an advantage fighting a naked girl who wants my dick so much. Going against my sense of reason, I grab Pipi's body and push her down on her back. I start stroking her brown, sun-tanned skin from top to bottom.

“Chief... Pipi wants you to use her hole too. Pipi’s a woman too so Pipi can bear children too.”

“The sizes are different, it’ll hurt you know?”

“I don’t mind. Getting torn apart by the chief is like a medal of honor.”

Pipi grins broadly. Did I have an option of not sleeping with this girl in the first place?

I go in between Pipi’s legs and lift up her legs. Her body and legs seem like they’ll break if I’m not careful.

Looking from the side, a man pressing against the small body of this girl undoubtedly makes it seem like I’m raping her. She doesn’t have any pubic hair, and her vagina is just a thin slit if not spread open. I press my dick against the entrance of that pussy.

“Chief... Pipi is becoming one with the chief she admires so much... I’m so happy.”

“If it hurts, don’t hesitate to bite me anywhere you want, but avoid my neck. You might die from that.”

As I talk to her, I hold down her shoulder and kiss her lips lightly before pushing my hips forward.

“Iiigh!!”

“Sorry, but I’m not stopping now.”

I hold Pipi’s shoulder in place as she groans and push my hips even further in. Her hymen hasn’t torn yet, but there was a sound of something ripping, as if Pipi’s hole was screaming out.

“Uuuuuuu—”

As Pipi grits her teeth and starts to cry, my sense of reason slowly comes back to me. Just a little more and I’ll tear her symbol of virginity, and then if I pull out and caress her, she’ll probably be satisfied. With that in mind, I thrust in strongly.

“Uuuuuuuuu!!”

Pipi groans, wraps her arms around my back and pushes her hips out. Because the both of us are pushing our hips out, I feel the tip of my dick forcing itself into her undeveloped womb, way past just tearing through her hymen.

“Aaaaaaaaah——!!!”

Pipi squeals in a way I’ve never heard before.

“Corps commander! What happened?!”

The soldier standing on lookout thought the scream was in response to the enemy surrounding us so he rushed in the room. When he came in, he finds the small girl in Pipi crying in pain while my dick is buried in the small girl’s body.

“...A, apologies for interrupting.”

The door closes and I can hear him talking outside.

“The commander even sleeps with kids.”

“As we thought, there isn’t a woman he won’t put his dick in as long as they have a hole...”

“

“...shall we continue?”

“Aau... haauu... hiiih...”

Pipi will get exhausted if I continue to move at this rate. I pick up the extremely light girl and have her sit while facing me, hugging her tight and rocking her gently.

“Ah, chief...”

Pipi buried her face in my chest and playfully bites my nipples through my clothes, entrusting her body to me and my gentle movements.

“I’ll continue to rock like this. Don’t worry about losing consciousness or pissing yourself. Just leave everything to me and thoroughly enjoy the feeling of my cock.”

“Pipi is... happy.”

The pain probably hasn't decreased at all. But Pipi's adorable when she smiles so happily.

“I'm happy to be inside you as well. With this, Pipi has become my woman too.”

“Hau!”

Pipi's tiny body trembles and her vagina is clenching down on me too.

“What's wrong?”

“I want you to do me a favor. Once again... say I'm your woman.”

“Pipi, you're my woman, my beloved woman belonging only to me.”

“Au!”

She trembles again.

What an interesting girl.

“You're lovely, Pipi. You're my woman, you're my Pipi.”

“Hau wa! You're saying too much! Pipi is- Pipi can't take it!”

To finish her off, I bite her ear and blow lightly before whispering one last sentence.

“I love you more than anyone... Pipi.”

“Fuunnii!”

I feel a hot splash on my crotch, Pipi squirts during her first time and throws her head back in pleasure.

“You're cute, Pipi, you're wonderful, Pipi, I love you, Pipi...”

I speed up the movements of my hips. It appears as if she isn't feeling pain anymore

so I thrust more intensely while Pipi desperately clings to me and cries tears of pure pleasure as she climaxes.

“Chief! Cumming! I’m going to go flying! Fuuuniiii!!”

After she screams exceptionally loud, she stops moving for a few seconds. Her face warps and drool starts dripping from her mouth. Her eyes are still open but she’s lost consciousness. I’ll have her make me cum too.

“Cumming, take it all in.”

“Funii~...”

I lick Pipi’s light brown skin and suck on her slightly protruding breasts. Unlike Laurie’s sense of familiarity, she’s genuinely like an unripe fruit, but this immature young girl has finally received my seed. The root of my dick is already swelling. I’m sure an awfully thick load of semen will come out.

“Fuunngh!”

“...aau.”

The substance emitted as I ejaculate felt more like a solid but soft mass rather than liquid. I unconsciously grab Pipi’s ass cheeks and throw my head back. My urethra is pushed open and a large amount of semen is released, almost to the point of it feeling painful.

“Ooooooh-!! Ooooooooooh! Still cumming! Uoooooooooh!!”

“My stomach... going to break...”

“Just a little more! Endure it! Uoooooooooh!!”

I forgot that it accumulated so much. My ejaculation doesn’t stop and Pipi’s stomach continues to expand.

After a good five minutes, my dick finally settles down and I pull out of Pipi.

“Hahaha, incredible.”

The tiny Pipi now has an unnaturally swollen belly. She looks completely like a pregnant woman on the last month of pregnancy. Even though I've pulled out, my seed is overflowing out of her hole. Because it was too thick, it got stuck in her womb.

"Is Pipi... pregnant!? Is it the chief's child!?"

Why would you get pregnant right after we did it?

"Oh no! We made a baby!"

While holding her belly, she walks around clumsily and exits the room.

"H-hey, did you see that!?"

"Yeah, why is that kid pregnant? Your stomach gets that big after the commander sleeps with you?"

Of course not, you idiot.

I'll have to clear up the misunderstandings after Pipi's done running around.

"Guh..."

I glance down at my stomach when I feel the sudden pain and see that the wound has started to bleed again. I was overconfident and worked too hard. Everything is getting dark.

"Oh, come on... if I die like this..."

That would be pathetic.

I smile and collapse unconsciously on the bed.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.
Commander of Third Army Corps
Subordinate Squad: 42,700

Port Randel
Kingdom Army: 6400

East Coast
Private Army: 8000 (Units brought to battle only)
Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 4000
Cannons: 10 (1 Genuine)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 20,300

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 8000
Not strictly under the command of the protagonist.

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant, injured), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander, injured), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi (belly of a pregnant woman), Tristan (house-sitting), Gido (critical condition)
Current Location: Port Randel
Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel

Chapter 153

Magrado War ⑤

Multiple Conspiracies

-Third Person POV-

Port Randel Encirclement, Magrado Camp

Inside a tent set up on top of a slightly elevated hill overlooking Port Randel, the commanders of the Magrado army who took part in the encirclement are yelling at each other in a so-called war conference.

“The enemy took advantage of the fog and close to 10,000 have already landed. The encirclement has already collapsed, so we should disperse and build a line of defence.”

Looking over the city of Port Randel with a sour expression, a ballista is mounted on top of a pile of stone made from the rubble of the crumbled city walls and archers are camped in the rooms of every house. It is clear that it is no longer possible to rely just on strength in numbers to win.

“What are you saying?! If we pull back, the enemy on the eastern coast will instantly advance! In a field battle against an enemy with the same number of forces... You think you can defeat an army led by that Lord Hardlett!? “

“Doesn’t it mean our navy is being suppressed if they can land again?”

“How stupid. The reason they’re holed up in Port Randel is because we’re here. If we retreat now, they’ll quickly head to the navy base and burn it down. If that happens, they’ll be able to cross as many times as they want.”

“They have successfully isolated and defeated our vanguard as planned with the landing strategy to the south. But with the weather clearing up, they are somehow prevented from landing any further. We shouldn’t be expecting any more reinforcements...”

“In the first place, rumors are spreading about our incompetence and how we’re struggling to fight against a weak opponent with 10,000 while we have 30,000.”

“There’s no helping it... even though it might be gradually falling apart now, Port Randel is a city with walls, so our supposed trump card in the heavy infantry are not able to bring out their full strength.”

“If we continue our encirclement, won’t we run out of food supplies and ammunition?”

“We should have plenty of food left in the city. Besides, while our navy might be able to block any large transportations, we won’t be able to prevent the small movements under the cover of night. We can’t remain on the water forever after all.”

The discussion halts and an unpleasant silence fills the area.

“...if we continue to maintain this deadlock situation, will we be able to make peace?”

The commander who brought up talks of peace instantly gets bombarded with a storm of insults.

“The increase of tax and conscription before the start of war stirred up the citizens, no? If we make peace so easily, we’ll be lynched.”

“There’s no way the Goldonian side will accept. The King of that nation is cold-hearted and avaricious. He won’t stop even after annexing us.”

“For now, we’ll just have to wait and see. Let’s just repeat some attacks on a smaller scale and search for the enemy’s weak point. We’ll conduct a night attack if an opportunity arises.”

“I guess that’s our only option...”

“How annoying...”

In the end, the meeting ends, confirming there is nothing which can be done in their present condition and they should continue doing what they’ve been doing up until this point. The situation isn’t catastrophic, but by no means is it good either. Everyone understood that any little impetus could cause them to fall.

Malt Kingdom, Capital: Biado

A man of large build walks in the palace's halls. But that muscular, well-sculpted body is supporting itself with a hand on the wall, wobbling slowly and unsteadily. The patrolling palace guards see the man and stand at attention in surprise.

"Your Excellency, Brutus! Have you returned!?"

"Yes, I can't remain sleeping after all."

Brutus removes his hand from the wall and straightens his back. The soldiers who saw that were convinced of his recovery and relax their expressions.

"I have another business to attend to, so I'll be on my way. Continue with your duties!"

"Yessir!"

When the soldiers took their leave, Brutus once again rests his hand on the wall, breathing heavily.

"Your Excellency! You mustn't push yourself!"

The person who supported his shoulder is his secretary. He couldn't hide his condition from the girl who even takes care of his daily needs.

"The injury reached your organs. Normally it would take one month of rest..."

"There's no time for that. His Highness Pablo is gathering soldiers... what does that idiot plan to do?"

Pablo might have taken it upon himself to do something as the ringleader of the rebellion but he understands Pablo's incompetencies as well. He is ultimately trying to use Pablo to lead the country in a better direction and has no real respect or affection for Pablo at all.

"I don't know. There is no one harder to predict than a person who thinks like a natural-born idiot."

Eventually, the two of them reach Pablo's private quarters.

"Your Highness! Please stop, it hurts!"

"Shut up! I'm going to inject you with my noble seed, so rejoice and accept it, you bitch!"

"Gya-!! Stooooooooop!!"

"Pardon me, Your Highness."

Ignoring the screaming from the room, Brutus knocks firmly on the door. After some swearing can be heard behind the door, things go quiet and the maid leaves the room.

Her clothes have been torn and her face seems swollen from being hit. The thigh area of her dress is dyed red. It didn't look like the blood from getting deflowered, but rather blood from someone taking a blade and injuring her. She runs away crying.

"Tch... it was just getting good... nu, Brutus, you're finally up? How feeble."

"Please forgive me for my inexperience."

"So, what do you want? You must have a good reason for disturbing my fun, right?"

Brutus's expression remains the same. He only gets angry when something betrays his expectations.

"Right, I heard the army is being gathered in the capital in Your Highness's name and you have also requested for the conscription of peasants, so I just want Your Highness to tell me what is happening."

Pablo instantly lights up.

"Umu, you did well to find out! Actually, just the other day, Magrado sent a messenger over here."

"Magrado... you say?"

Magrado is located to the north and isn't connected to Malt by land, so there is barely a relationship between their nations. Their citizens don't even know about their respective existences.

"That's right! You must have known about the war between Goldonia and Magrado despite staying in bed all this time, right? Goldonia suffered a crushing defeat in the first battle and it seems like it's only a matter of time before they get beaten. Thus it is a good opportunity for our country to expand our territory! I'll take the northern territory belonging to that annoying Hardlett for myself!"

Brutus felt his head go blank for a second and he had to double-check whether he was really turning senile.

"Hahaha! You won't be able to serve in the military looking like that! I will personally take command and crush that guy. If I can increase my own merits, then the others will acknowledge me as a more suitable King than Hilario!"

"Your Highness, that won't happen! I can't imagine something like Magrado handing Goldonia a crushing defeat like you said..."

He goes and believes what was said about the countries involved in the war without doubting any investigation. Brutus underestimated Pablo's feeble mind. That's why Pablo said something so rushed and so illogical.

"Shut up! Hardlett... I'm certain that he's not home right now! If I attack now, I can swallow everything! Did the injury make you cowardly as well, Brutus!?"

"Even if it is how you described, Goldonia will clash with us once the war is over!"

"Quiet, be quiet! Didn't you say that momentum is important in a war!? Now is that time, so cowards should just stay in bed!"

Pablo finally chased Brutus out of his room. After Brutus and his secretary left the room, the sound of something breaking can be heard inside the room.

"Even though we should be the ones who feel like breaking something."

The secretary sighs.

“Helvi, this is bad.”

“Yes, Lord Hardlett will most definitely be participating in the military campaign and will be insufficiently prepared, so we might be able to take Rafen if things go well... However-”

“Lord Hardlett is the leading grand noble in Goldonia, so even if we are able to take away his territory, he’ll come flying towards us in a fit of rage along with the Goldonian army once the war with Magrado is over.”

“Even just the standing army of the Goldonian forces is over 10,000 in strength. It’s wrong to compare our country with theirs in the first place.”

The Malt Kingdom has an army of 2000 but can gather up to 10,000 in times of need, although they’ll be a mishmash of citizens and soldiers.

“Besides... Celestina-sama will probably be there too.”

Neither Helvi nor Brutus particularly hated Celestina. They just determined the country would fall into ruin at the rate it was going and removed her from the position of power.

There are still plenty of soldiers who feel guilty towards Celestina. What would happen if those soldiers were to be put in front of her again, not to mention the country doesn’t have a just cause to stop them this time.

“Call the soldiers, we’ll stop them as many of them as we can. The country will be ruined if it fights with Goldonia. “

We can’t let them believe the certain victory declared by that messenger from Magrado. Rather it can be considered a dangerous sign if they sent a messenger to a small nation located so far away.

“I will do what I can.”

But the hard work of the duo would amount to nothing.

A few days later, Pablo would announce Brutus’s leave of absence to take time to recover from his injury and will thus be temporarily suspended from military duties.

During the Outbreak of War – Beginning. North Teries River: River Basin

“Captain Reed, the current is slow here. Let’s drop anchor and wait.”

“Umu, let’s do that.”

Carges, a medium-sized battleship of the Magrado Navy, lowers its anchor and stops moving, careful not to be seen by anyone in front.

“But will it really come?”

“This information comes directly from headquarters so it must be accurate.”

Normally, there would be no luxury to allow for a single battleship to play around while they were in the middle of a war with Goldonia. Nevertheless, there is a reason why the Carges has come to a place away from the predicted location of the enemy landing operation.

“Last time, we plundered a high performance bowgun along with several thousand gold.”

“Ever since the war started, we boldly hunted for Goldonian merchant ships after all.”

Magrado may not be superior in terms of ground forces, but they overwhelm Goldonia on the water. Naturally, Goldonia stopped using the rivers to conduct trade, but there are still a few merchant ships who try to sneak on the waters possibly trying to improve their poor profits on land. If they are able to obtain such important items, then there’s sufficient reason to dispatch a battleship.

Carges even took out one of Goldonia’s large battleship in last year’s battle. Normally, it’s a misuse of resources to hunt merchant ships, but the mission this time is a special one.

“Wars eat up money like it’s nothing, so being the poorer nation, we should get as much money from Goldonia as possible.”

The captain smiles.

Then, the lookout shouts loudly.

“They’ve arrived in front! A large merchant ship... with a deep draft! It’s fully loaded with some heavy cargo!”

“So it’s here! The flag, confirm its flag!!”

“...the flag is... of the Olga Federation! It isn’t just on the mast, there are also two each on the bow and stern!”

“Excess flags... there’s no doubt it’s this ship.”

A ship typically raises a single flag on the most outstanding location – the mast – in order to distinguish itself from other nations. It’s very strange to have flags on the bow and stern.

The Carges was dispatched specifically to target this ship. There should be tens of thousands of gold coins and gold bars packed on this transport ship, bringing war funds from the companies in the Federation to Goldonia’s headquarters. The ship is flying the Olga Federation flag to avoid being attacked, but it’s definitely a Goldonian ship.

“Exactly as the information described. There’s no doubt... the single escort ship is also what we’ve been told about.”

“The headquarters’ information network is impressive.”

The captain smiles cheerfully at his adjutant.

“It seems they have a spy hidden within the heart of Goldonia... it is generally a greedy merchant, but it’s none of our business to investigate any further.”

“I guess so. We only have one duty assigned to us. And that is to get revenge by bringing victory to our nation!”

“Woah there, we aren’t sinking any ships this time. We’ll leave the ship itself unharmed while massacring all those onboard. It’s a waste to let all that gold sink.”

Getting such a sizeable amount of gold will deal a big blow to Goldonia and it’s twice

as meaningful if it's stolen from them.

"Get into your positions! We'll get beside them instantly and jump on their ship!"

"Get the catapults and ballistae ready! However, don't use fire, you hear? We can't board if the ship's on fire."

The sailors move promptly and the Carges starts advancing. At first, they were barely moving, but the merchant ship grew got closer in no time.

"These guys aren't even trying to escape. What idiots!"

"They must feel safe with those fake flags. Now, let's give them hell!"

The Carges closes in until they were practically touching the other ship and the crew on the merchant ship all stare blankly in surprise.

"Fire!"

Balls of iron are flung from the catapults and arrows repeatedly shower the ship's deck.

"Uwah! They're shooting at us!"

"Why?! We are... gyah!!"

The crew run about in panic, trying to escape from the attacks.

"Hmph, we'll kill all these Goldonian bastards. They have no will to fight, board their ship!"

"Ooooooh—!!"

Soldiers use ropes to aid them and climb onto the merchant ship. The ship acting as escort is just watching and doing nothing to stop the intruders.

"I'm going too! The soldiers might snatch the gold for themselves after all."

"Hahaha, then please treat me later when the captain pilfers all of it."

Unlike the other soldiers, Reed smoothly and effortlessly jumps onto the ship with the rope. The skills he has polished for many years in order to become a captain still has not deteriorated.

The killing has already begun on the moving battlefield. Being unarmed and having sorry excuses for weapons and armor, the crew is being cut up one after the other.

“Captain Reed! It won’t be long until we finish cleaning up.”

“Umu, but the gold is the most important. I don’t mind if you set fire to the ship while carrying the gold with you. Hurry up and look for it!”

“Yessir! I have designated several people just now to search the bilge of the ship too!”

“I’ll leave it to you. I’m going to rampage here!”

After saying that, Reed takes his sword and cuts down a crewmember in a single stroke.

“Goldonian son of a bitch, don’t think you’ll reach the shore alive!”

“You assholes... you won’t get away with this unpunished! My name is linked with the Arensky family!”

“You’re still talking? Fucking liar!”

A crewmember wearing slightly expensive-looking clothes gets cut down. Despite being in a disadvantageous situation, disguising the ship as one belonging to another nation is an illegal action and an action which shames his pride as a sailor at the same time. Being a pure-bred sailor himself, Reed could not hide his rage.

The ship’s deck turned into hell for awhile and eventually turned into a sea of blood with most of the crew cut down.

“It’s almost over, huh? But what are those guys doing at the bottom of the ship? If they don’t hurry up, the sun will set.”

Reed takes a seat on one of the fallen crewmember’s corpse and stretches boredly. He then hears sounds of footsteps climbing up the stairs leading down to the bilge of the

ship.

“Took you long enough... what are you guys dawdling-”Big trouble, captain!!”“

All the sailors look horribly sick like they’re about to throw up.

“What is it? Don’t tell me there isn’t any gold...”

“The bottom of the ship is filled with barrels of wine! The reason the draft is so deep is because of that!”

The sailor hands him a piece of paper with a trembling hand.
Reed snatches the paper to read for himself.

“Tariff document... departing from Veresk... to Mishil¹... cargo... wine barrels.”

Reed throws the piece of paper away and barges into the room which appears to be for the captain of the ship.
He ransacks the room and destroys a desk containing a locked drawer with his sword, then pulls out the contents.

“Found it! The ship’s proof of ownership!..... What the hell. What the hell is this! Damn it!!”

The piece of paper was blown away by a sudden gust of wind and disappeared into the sky.

[Ship’s Nationality: Olga Federation Merchant Ship
Ship Owner: Baron Arensky
Ship Name: Lusitania]

The ship thought to be the escort has already turned its bow around and is gradually sailing further away. But the crew of the Cargoes all seem dumbfounded and don’t seem to have the energy to give chase.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.
Commander of Third Army Corps
Subordinate Squad: 42,700

Port Randel
Kingdom Army: 6400

East Coast
Private Army: 8000 (Units brought to battle only)
Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 4000
Cannons: 10 (1 Genuine)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 20,300

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 8000
Not strictly under the command of the protagonist.

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant, injured), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander, injured), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi (belly of a pregnant woman), Tristan (house-sitting), Gido (critical condition)
Current Location: Port Randel
Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel

Chapter 154

Magrado War ⑥

The White Fleet

-Aegir POV-

Port Randel

“Heey... it’s fine, isn’t it?”

“No, it’s not, the doctor said so.”

As Pipi wipes down my body, I rub her ass, but she doesn’t meet my demands. She’s wearing a regrettably short skirt so I slip my hand past her thigh and rub her vagina with my finger. Pipi doesn’t seem to mind being touched though and closed her eyes to enjoy the feeling of my finger.

I fainted after the wound in my abdomen opened up again, but fortunately, a soldier keeping watch found me. However, he made a fuss and caused everyone in Port Randel to hurriedly search for an assassin in the city in confusion.

After that, Pipi and the doctor had to tell them the truth that I wasn’t dead and that I was fucking while injured so the wound opened up again. It calmed everyone in the city down but it unnecessarily caused them to give me strange looks.

“You aren’t allowed any women until the wound closes. I don’t mind if you just look.”

“That’s unreasonably cruel...”

I pull my finger out from Pipi’s crotch. I can’t penetrate her or ejaculate so touching her anymore than this is pointless.

“Count-sama has a strong body. The wound will close up quickly, so please take care of yourself for just a little longer.”

The other woman in the room seems to be the doctor's assistant tasked with nursing me. So Pipi has a bunch of things she won't put up with either.

But this devoted girl can also be considered as the cause of my suffering. Her clothes are revealing and barely covering anything, exposing her bulging breasts and large ass. She's a nice woman who I want to get pregnant as soon as possible.

"...go ahead and do as you like."

I rub the ass of the girl who finishes spreading the ointment on my thigh and stomach wounds. The girl made a fuss about it at first, but she doesn't mind now that we did it so many times.

"It's fine if I cum as long as I don't move, right?"

"Nope. Releasing your seed uses up your stamina and the strength in your stomach too. Your wound will open up again."

"That's right! I thought my heart would stop when I saw the chief fall over!"

At this rate, I don't think I can get Pipi to do it with me sneakily either. I wonder what the cause of death would be if I die after my dick bursts.

"Commander, a messenger from the opposite shore. It's from Leopolt-dono."

"From him?"

The message from the opposite shore once again reported they have been isolated because of Magrado's navy.

A small ship might be able head out at night while relying on the lights from the city while transporting on a larger scale would only yield a small chance for success.

I look at the letter handed to me by the messenger.

I unconsciously pass it beside me, but Pipi can't read.

Oh, how I miss Celia.

"If this is true... then we'll be able to reunite with the soldiers of the opposite shore soon."

“Really!? Pipi wants to know how Gido is doing too!”

Gido is still fighting a losing battle with the god of death, but I’ll keep quiet for now.

“Contact the soldiers. Set up Goldonian flags in various places in the city. We need to make sure there are no buildings with flags belonging to Magrado. And also, absolutely don’t do anything to the ships coming up from downstream. Tell them to stay still like they’re watching a play.”

“What’s going to happen?”

The woman inquires as she’s treating me.

“Just a little show. Look forward to it.”

I speed up the rubbing of her ass but get pinched when I stick my finger just a little bit into her ass.

Haah, I want to fuck a woman.

And then one week later, when my abdominal wound has closed up for the most part, it finally came.

“Commander! An unidentified fleet of 10 ships coming from downstream – six large-sized ships and another four super large-sized ships!”

“So they’ve come. See to it that absolutely nobody interferes with them.”

I stand up and head outside to see them off.

Pipi also comes along with me... her head is at just the right height for me to rest my arm.

She’s just like Celia when she was young.

“Hahiii... hahii...”

The devoted girl who nursed me lays trembling on the bed with her legs spread open. When I think about how she squirted a little earlier while holding her inflated stomach, it brings up an impure yet comical scene in my mind.

As soon as the girl told me my wound healed, I pounced on her. She resisted at first, but eventually gave in after my repeated kissing and caressing. With a sensitive body and a dick full of semen, I made her moan in pleasure to my heart's content, and released a bucket-load of seed inside her womb after she granted me permission.

"She squeezed the most out of me..."

Sorry about that Pipi, that body was against the rules after abstaining for close to two weeks.

I'll make sure to inject lots inside you tonight too.

"Over there!"

My attention shifts when the soldier shouts.

"It's big... even when looking from here."

"It's unbelievably big. To think something that big could sail on the river..."

The fleet of 10 sheets advances in two rows, approaching the coast of Port Randel carefully as if inspecting the area.

"Raise the flags."

Goldonian flags fly on the top of citizens' houses and shops, and any tall places where the soldiers could climb up. As soon as we did so, the fleet seems to lose interest and changes direction to run parallel to coast.

"Fuu... what a scary guy."

"Chief? What is that?"

Pipi jumps and clings to me from behind, resting her chin on my shoulder.

"So Pipi doesn't know. If it's you, I know you can clearly see that flag, right? Remember it well, that is..."

The Olga Federation.

“Is that the nation that Nonna spoke about? Are they an ally?”

“I can’t say for sure, but this time it seems they’re an enemy’s enemy.”

Leopolt’s letter detailed the Magrado Navy attacking a merchant ship from the Federation and massacring everyone onboard. It appears the Federation immediately responded by dispatching a disciplinary fleet to the eastern rivers. They did make contact with Goldonia afterwards and insisted that no one interfered or helped.

Having a third party enter the fray is amusing, but if they’ll defeat what we consider to be a troublesome navy, then I’ll humbly accept this fortunate event.

“It’s a bigger ship than Pipi and the others got on. And it’s also white and pretty.”

“You’re right... the four ships especially at the back are incredible.”

The six battleships are about the same size as the largest battleships in Goldonia but the other four look to be double that size. They are tall as well so it isn’t easy to climb onboard just by throwing some rope over and crossing.

The entire ship, including the deck and mast are painted white. They’re extremely beautiful when viewed from afar, but it really only makes them stand out.

“But, I guess they don’t need something like smokescreen.”

That white color probably encompasses the dignity of their ruler to allow them to boldly challenge any opponent when they get discovered.

“But that ship is strange. There are a bunch of holes on the side.”

Holes? I couldn’t see that much detail with my eyes but water will seep inside if that’s true.

“There’s something black sticking out of there. It ruins the ship’s white beauty. “

“Magrado Navy spotted upstream! Over 40 of them!”

So they’re here. With this many battleships, there’s no reason to butt in. Judging based

on size, the Federation has the advantage but Magrado has quadruple the number of ships and is more importantly coming from upstream, so they should have the speed advantage.

Well, let's see how things turn out.

"Can't see-"

Soldiers all gather in high places so they don't miss the action. The small Pipi's view gets blocked so I put her on my shoulders.

"Oooh~ So high! "

The Federation's fleet is in two vertical rows whereas the Magrado Navy is spread out horizontally. The small ships of the Magrado Navy use the river current in an attempt to destroy the larger ships with their naval rams.

"If both fleets are facing each other from the front, then the Federation has the advantage despite having fewer ships. Will they instantly close the distance and aim for the side...?"

However, at that time the battle ranks of the Federation's fleet suddenly veers left, exposing their side.

"What-!? " "No way, they're practically screaming to be attacked there."

The spectating soldiers also raise their voices of confusion.

The six large battleships widen the gap between the four extra large ships, which are gently floating sideways slightly downstream, naturally inviting the Magrado Navy to take the opportunity to accelerate towards them.

If both sides close the distance by heading straight, it would take several changes in direction to get around to the side of the other party, but in this situation, Magrado only has to accelerate forward. Now I'm worried about what the Federation's admiral is planning.

"They're getting closer to each other! " "Naval ramming... if a ship of that size takes an attack empowered by the river current..."

Everyone gulped in anticipation for the ramming by the Magrado side and the hand-to-hand combat which would naturally follow. But what happened next betrayed all of their expectations.

A loud roaring sound, which even echoed all the way to Port Randel located a fair distance away, sends vibrations to my stomach.

“Hyawah!”

The sound surprised Pipi, causing her to fall off my shoulders and wrap her legs around me in a hurry to save herself from hitting the ground.

“What happened!?”

“Pipi saw it! The white fleet spit out fire!”

There is some sort of smoke seeping out like mist from the sides of the Federation’s fleet.

On the other hand, the Magrado Navy is...

“Amazinng... they look like worn-out rags.”

“What on earth happened!?”

The Magrado ships are still intent on colliding with the enemy fleet but lost speed after their masts were destroyed and their decks turned into a tattered mess. The rowers are most likely finished too as the ships are diverted off-course weakly. The ships are pulled along the river by the current, and eventually capsizes and sinks.

“10 ships disappeared in an instant?” “So the ships of the Federation’s fleet blow fire...?”

“Cannons, huh?... Pipi, how many flames did you see?”

“8! There were 24 big ones!”

A big applause to Melissa who taught her how to count.

That was only the right side, so they essentially have 16 and 48 altogether... which means that the entire fleet has close to 300 cannons in total.

Nonna... it looks like it’ll take a while to take back the Elektra name.

The soldiers looking forward to seeing both parties clash were also rendered speechless. That showed just how impactful the scene was.

That initial attack basically determined the victors of the battle.

Another group of ships were sunk with a second volley and the separated ranks of the Federation's fleet steered their ships around to pursue and finish off each and every escaping ship belonging to the Magrado Navy with their cannons.

"The white ships are large, yet considerably fast."

That's right, the Federation ships are fast.

The reason they looked sluggish was simply because the body of the ship is big, and even now, those ships are sinking the Magrado ships left and right with cannons and naval rams. The battle has become one-sided, clearly distinguishing the hunter and the hunted.

A few Magrado ships manage to shoot their ballistae and hit the Federation ships, causing small fires, but the white fleet responds by blasting the enemy ships with cannons.

When most of the Magrado ships have disappeared to the bottom of the river, the white fleet formed into their two rows again and heads to the coast. The place is slightly upstream from Port Randel, and it looks to be all forest until the area close to the shore from what I can see, but that seems to be where the Magrado Navy appeared from earlier. It's probably a hidden base or something.

The continuous roars from their cannons make me want to cover my ears as dust rises and slivers of wood gets sent flying in the air.

"What a staggering attack. I've never seen anything like it."

"Chief... my eardrums are going to burst..."

Pipi was about to cry, but when I cover her ears with my hands, she looks up and grins broadly at me. I'll make more of an effort to stretch Pipi's hole today.

After a thorough cannon strike, the Federation fleet raise their anchors and head further upstream. But then, a single ship of the Magrado Navy which appeared to be

destroyed and drifting on the water started moving. Apparently, they were just disguising themselves and took out their oars altogether to paddle together, accelerating towards the super large battleship. Thinking they could at least get some form of retaliation, they get in extremely close so the Federation ship has no way to respond.

“Oooh! They’ll crash.”

Although they’re the enemy, I have to give some props to them for challenging the Federation ship with a single ship. It’s fine to cheer for them a bit.

In a panic, the cannons spit out fire, but are unable to hit their target. Then, there was a thud sound from the flank of the giant vessel as the naval ram runs into the ship’s body.

“!?” “What was that sound!?”

That wasn’t the sound of the naval ram destroying the hull. I hear a dull sound of metal colliding with metal and the ship which did the ramming tilts over and sinks.

The giant vessel continues to progress forward slowly as if nothing happened, watching the other ship sink.

“Incredible...”

Only one person’s voice leaks out, but that was probably what everyone thought at the moment.

That ship probably installed something metal under the water’s surface. Because the ship is so big, they probably thought as long as they protect the water surface around them, it would be a herculean task for them to be destroyed and thus sunk from the top. But can a ship even install something metal like that...? I don’t really know.

“Such a fleet is on the eastern rivers...?”

The eastern area is a remote region to the Federation and their main enemy in the Garland Empire is to the west... in other words, it isn’t wrong to believe they have another fleet in the west several times more powerful than that one.

“I’ll have to work even harder.”

“If you work too hard, Pipi will die. I’d like you to be satisfied with making Pipi faint already.”

I’ll pat Pipi for misunderstanding.

They must have waited until the battle was settled.

A transport ship comes towards us from the opposite shore. Since the Magrado Navy in our area has been vanquished, there is no longer anything blocking them.

-Third Person POV-

At the same time, Rafen

“There is no mistake.”

“Is that true!? You’re sure!?”

“Everything is true. I swear on my life as a doctor.”

Nonna takes several deep breaths before confirming again.

Again, the doctor gives her the same response.

Nonna’s shocked face gradually becomes happy, then finally a beaming smile appears on her face like an explosion.

“There is no mistake. Madam, you are pregnant.”

“Hyaahaa-!”

“!?”

“No, that was nothing. Is that so, well good work... you may leave. Absolutely keep the embarrassing part you saw of me to yourself.”

“T-then I’ll excuse myself.”

The doctor leaves the room and Carla comes in, as if taking his place. Carla smiles in front of Nonna as she is putting her underwear back on and getting her clothes back in order.

“Cheating with that old man? Was it fun?”

“Don’t be stupid! More importantly...”

“Congrats. You’re pregnant, right?”

Nonna freezes at the unusually kind words, tears gradually well up in her eyes and she jumps into Carla’s chest.

“Waaaaaaaah, I made a baby! I’m not unqualified to be a wife!”

“What, you’re crazy... besides, the important part is the child.”

“Of course! I will raise this child to be healthy and upstanding. To do that...”

Nonna summons a servant in the area.

“Bumping into something and falling down is the source of miscarriage so... wrap all the railings in the mansion, the furniture, the walls, and all sharp edges with cloth! And I heard that it will do the baby good if the mother’s body stays relaxed. Someone go buy a painting from my favorite artist, Torteon, and bring it to my room...”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself!”

Carla was about to hit Nonna, but remembering it would be bad if she fell over on the off-chance, she tugs at her cheek instead.

“Fuaah!”

Nonna gets angry, but the smile deep inside her heart cannot be hidden.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 43,000

Private Army: 8000 (Units brought to battle only)

Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 4000

Cannons: 10 (1 Genuine)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 27,000

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 8000

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi, Tristan (house-sitting), Gido (critical condition)

Current Location: Port Randel

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel

Chapter 155

Magrado War ⑦

Decisive Battle at Nord Plains

-Aegir POV-

It has been one week after the Olga Federation's fleet demolished the Magrado Navy and nothing stands in our way of crossing the river, so the entire army, excluding the injured soldiers who withdrew, disembarked in Port Randel and the surrounding area. Among the soldiers are of course Leopolt, Myla and the injured Celia and Irijina.

"Hardlett-dono, the wound is fine now!"

Irijina lowers her pants to show me the scar on her thigh. Scars are like mysterious things to her, but it'll disappear once I smear some nice ointment on it.

"Mine has healed too!"

Celia exposes her shoulder to me. Her wound was much smaller than Irijina's so it's pretty much unrecognizable now.

"Yeah, I get it... but is that also some form of condolences?"

""Eh?""

The two of them look around, instantly chasing away the eyes of the soldiers, but their crotches are visibly bulging out. The soldiers haven't slept with any women since they stepped onto the battlefield so having some pretty ladies suddenly reveal their thigh and shoulder in front of them inevitably caused that reaction.

"Don't loook!"

"Hm? Hm?"

Celia gets embarrassed while Irijina is clueless, but all in all it was a successful landing operation.

“So... how is Gido doing ?”

“Ah...” “Nu...”

Celia and Irijina seem to be at a loss for words. Does that mean he didn't make it?

“Gido is severely wounded and his internal organs have been heavily damaged. He somehow managed to avoid dying on the spot but his wound got infected and he is writhing in pain and misery. The doctor advised he probably wouldn't last long and that it might be more compassionate to let him die instantly.”

Luna comments with a tone devoid of any emotion. It must be tough for her to see the final moments of a boy who was so in love with her.

“Leave him to fight against death. I have a little bit of a wish after all.”

“...he is really suffering.”

“Even so. It might be hell for him right now, but... if he survives, he can taste paradise.”

Luna doesn't say anything more.

She must be thinking ‘I don't want to watch Gido suffer, but I want him to survive if possible’.

“Well we won't save him by babbling about it here. If we lose here and all of us get massacred, we would be putting the cart before the horse. Let's strive to win against the enemy first.”

“Then, if you would allow me.”

Leopolt, who waited for the conversation about Gido to be over, steps forward without hesitation and spreads open a map. Luna and Celia glare at him but he doesn't pay them any attention.

It just wouldn't be right if Leopolt isn't like that.

“Allowing our entire army to land means the enemy's numerical advantage has

crumbled. In this situation, their encirclement is nothing more than a dispersion of their forces. The enemy is already gradually retreating from Port Randel. After they gather their troops in the plains, they'll most likely proceed to a deciding battle."

That has also been confirmed by the lookout.

But it is to be expected they are retreating orderly, since trying to imitate a surprise attack with insufficient preparation would put them at risk instead.

"What's the probability of them holing up in a castle?"

Their capital Odoros is no too far away. They possess a sturdy set of city walls and there is a possibility that they might run back there.

"None. If they do something like holing up in their castle, the army confronting Lord Radhalde's landing operation will be wiped out by a pincer attack and they'll just be surrounded from three directions. Moreover, their main force consists of heavy infantry, which cannot be said is suited towards defending a siege."

"Fumu, in that case where would they be positioning themselves?"

"They will likely be in the Nord Plains, the midpoint between their capital and Port Randel. To deal with our army, which has the advantage in numbers, they will need some reinforcements and must retreat to a certain extent. And like before, they'll need a place where they can use the terrain to try and throw our formation in disarray... there is no other place but here."

"Then we can't give the enemy any time. We should make preparations immediately. Let's contact Erich's First and Second division corps as well."

"Right, but we can't expect to rendezvous with them for the decisive battle."

"I know."

The Federation's fleet also seems to have appeared where Erich's First division corps is and took out the enemy navy as well as the city they planned to conduct their landing operation. The city with a population of over 10,000 suffered continuous cannon fire for half a day and turned into a burning hell.

Erich and them are happy the enemy retreated and have successfully completed their

landing operation, but it seems they will not be able to sortie again so soon because they're having a hard time gathering the necessary supplies after the city turned into shambles.

"It seems the Second corps will still need a considerable amount of time to land after losing many ships by trying to forcefully land in the rain."

I don't know who's commanding that corps, but what is he doing?

"Alright, then everyone gather their own respective units! Those who are free come with me to bed."

""Right away sir!""

After that, Celia moved extremely fast to finish organizing her unit and rushed into the tent, but Pipi was getting pounded by my dick at the time, causing Celia to let out a frustrated groan.

Several Days Later, Nord Plains

The rain which troubled us as soon as the war started disappeared without a trace. Winter is approaching as well and both armies face-off against each other under the clear, almost transparent sky. With nothing obstructing our view in the plains, both parties are able to unmistakably make eye contact with each other.

"As I thought, they have a some reinforcements. The enemy troops add up to around 35,000, matching our own numbers."

"No, we have over 40,000 though."

I guess he didn't include the vassal lords' armies in his calculations.

The enemy has an army with infantry as their core and cavalry on the left and right to bolster their formation. For us, the kingdom's army is split up on the left and right with my private army deployed in the center.

They must believe there's no reason to hide after showing it once.

The enemy heavy infantry are already propping up their large shields and creating a number of box formations. I had a hard time dealing with that formation when I saw it for the first time.

“Again with those boxes, can we do something about them?”

“Yes. The same strategy won’t delay us a second time.”

Leopolt gives out detailed orders to the army with a composed expression on his face. I’ll leave the military tactics to him.

I hold my spear up to the sun and look carefully.

I’ve done some outrageous things with this spear yet there isn’t a single chip or scratch. What on earth is it made from?

“Lord Hardlett, the enemy moved.”

It’s just like the time we fought against these things before – the strategy where they march forward in their iron box formations.

The box is made up of about 1000 people, just like it was in the past, and there are 20 of them surrounded by 10,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry deployed in regular formations.

“Block our approach and cut our formation, then spread out when they get into our ranks... is probably what they plan to do.”

“We should make our move too.”

“Prepare that thing. Is it alright to let the entire private army except the bow cavalry move freely?”

In terms of military strength, it shouldn’t be a problem which needs the kingdom’s army to send out their main force.

“Bow cavalry advance forward. Arrows won’t penetrate those boxes, aim for the infantry around them. Don’t get too close.”

“You heard the chief’s orders. Fight to the death!”

Luna raises her sword above her head and the cavalry charges.

Well, the bow cavalry are valuable so it would be troublesome if too many of them die.

The phalanx-like formation stops in their tracks when they see the 4000 bow cavalry charging at them, then plants their shields into the ground and sticks out their spears. Their anti-cavalry measures can be considered an iron wall. Obviously, swords and arrows won't get through those thick shields. But the cavalry are a terrifying threat to the infantry who are unable to run behind those shields.

"Align your long spears! Don't separate from the side of the formation!"

They are using the usual methods to deal with cavalry and are probably expecting supporting arrow fire from the box. But that's naïve thinking – it won't become a fight at close quarters.

The bow cavalry charge towards the enemy in a long, vertical formation and ready their bows instead of their swords.

"Deploy to the left!!"

The commander at the head of the formation yells out and promptly changes their course. Naturally, the units following behind move accordingly and fire their arrows at the enemy.

Ever since I included them in the army, this was the tactic they practiced the most. The enemy's anti-cavalry formation with long spears was too big for the cavalry to collapse.

"So this is Goldonia's bow cavalry unit!"

"Calm down! Don't break formation!"

After showing them the strategy, they did have some sort of response to deal with it, as the spear unit quickly hold up small shields to block the arrows.

But the shooting distance is too close for the bow cavalry and it's an easy task for them to aim at the soldiers without shields or aim at the gaps in coverage, thus increasing the enemy's casualties even more.

"The enemy is crumbling!"

“We should move the kingdom army’s cavalry too.”

Celia exclaims happily while Leopolt remains expressionless as usual.

“You’re right, go. Don’t touch the box though.”

The kingdom army’s cavalry rush out in a flash after the bow cavalry pass by like a gust of wind.

In order to get close to attack with their spears and swords, they suffer some casualties from the intercepting spears and arrows, but the crumbling formation could not completely fend off their entire attack. The weight and size of the cavalry are quite the threat to the infantry as they get pushed into one end.

“There’s no problem with training or command either. Lord Radhalde has trained them well. That is... did they taken out in the front?”

“Tch, idiots.”

One squad of the kingdom’s cavalry use the momentum gained from tearing apart the enemy infantry to attack the box-shaped formation. They cut down the spears growing out from the box and thrust their own spears in the gaps to defeat a few soldiers. That much is good.

“I told them not to go...”

The holes are quickly filled with fresh soldiers from the inside of the box and spears jut out from behind the shields, defeating a couple cavalry in return. In addition, arrows and bowgun bolts rain down from above the heads of the cavalry who lost their point of attack, retreating while carrying their losses.

Moreover, the enemy cavalry rush at them from the flank as if waiting for this moment. If this continues, those impertinent guys will be surrounded.

“...Have the entire kingdom army advance forward. We can’t abandon them.”

With a single order, the kingdom army with close to 30,000 soldiers start moving. Seeing that, the enemy gives up on surrounding the detachment in front of them and charges at us instead.

“I didn’t want to collide with them from the front.”

“It can’t be helped. Circumstances change all the time... we can use the cannons if we stay back.”

We can still use the cannons if the enemy comes at us, but it would be impossible to move the cannons away from us. It takes time and effort to move those things. The cannons particularly created independently have lower performance ability, break easily and the barrel is thick and heavy. They aren’t objects which can be willingly carried here and there depending on the situation.

“Are you fatally insane?”

“No, there’s no problem, but we need to isolate the phalanx formations first. Let’s have Lord Hardlett go in place of the cannons.”

“Alright, let’s sortie... I have something to tell you later, Leopolt.”

“I’m all ears.”

Both armies march slowly towards each other and there is only a short distance until we reach the range we can loose arrows. The Goldonian army is slightly perplexed after seeing Magrado’s strange formation for the first time. I stand at the front brandishing my spear.

“No need to worry, I have defeated that formation before, there is nothing to fear! It’s the same as easily penetrating a woman after taking her virginity!”

The place falls silent.

Crap, I screwed up.

“Beat them down! Chargeeeee—!!”

“O, ooooooh—!!?”

I try to deceive them by force and continue shouting. That was close.

The enemy also dashes when they see us pick up the pace.

Celia is sticks by my side, worried I would get injured like last time and swears she

will absolutely not separate from me.

Schwartz neighs and wiggles his body to the left. There are several bags hanging down his left side.

“What are you going to do with those things?”

“I thought I would be the replacement for the cannons.”

Since the cannons couldn't be moved, I took several iron balls with me. Apparently, they're quite heavy since Schwartz is giving me this unhappy look telling me to hurry up and throw those things.

“Even if you don't tell me... there!”

I hurl the iron ball at the closest box.

There is still a fair distance between us so the ball flies in an arc and lands in the middle of the formation. I hear a metallic sound but the details are unknown.

“Here comes the rest of them!”

I've got the hang of it now so I can drop the balls in good places starting from the next round. The first shot accurately crashed into the front of the formation and knocked back two people along with their shields inciting cheers from our allies.

“It isn't as powerful as I expected. A spear might be more effective.”

“It's unfathomable for a human to even hurl such a heavy iron ball though.”

“It makes for good exercise after an injury... owah!”

Right when I was about to throw my last shot, an enemy cavalry suddenly thrust their spear at me. I instinctively bashed him with that thing in my hand using the weight of my entire body behind it.

“Gyu-!!”

Finished him... or it might be more accurate to say he exploded. A bunch of stuff leaks out from the soldier who approached me with his spear and got hit by the iron ball.

“It was my last shot too.”

“Hiiiih!” “Brice exploded!” “Demooooooooon!”

The remaining enemy cavalry runs away.

This is effective in its own way I guess.

“Well, that side show is over. Push forward!”

Allies and enemies alike clash with each other.

The shouting of soldiers, the metal clashing sounds and cries of death drown out my voice – this is the battlefield.

Our allies have been one-sidedly pushing them back from the start of the fight. The enemy cavalry tries to threaten from the side but our bow cavalry and the kingdom army’s cavalry block them, chasing them away instead, while the kingdom’s army overwhelms the enemy from the front, and even the vassal lords’ armies are dominant as they circle around and attack from the side.

But that dominance was before genuinely clashing with the phalanx formations. The first one to challenge them was a noble’s army affiliated with the vassal lords.

“W-what is this!? Loose your arrows! Thrust your spears!”

“Neither of them have any effect! We can’t stop the enemy! They’re tearing through our formation!”

The heavy infantry are quite slow with the weight of their equipment and shields. But that slow and steady pace divides the army with certainty. Then, when they reach the middle of the area, another order is yelled out.

“Spread out!”

Their shields are thrown down and soldiers disperse in all directions from the inside of the box. They face little to no resistance as they attack from inside the army’s formation. That noble’s army is instantly destroyed and the entirety of the lords’ armies get shaken just from watching everything unfold.

To make matters worse, some units of the kingdom army's main force in the front are being split up and crushed in the same manner. The state of battle quickly shifts from an overwhelming Goldonian advantage to more of an equilibrium.

There isn't any movement from the headquarters where Leopolt is. I guess it isn't the right time yet.

Then I'll go wild for a bit.

"Spread out-!!"

The box opens up after stepping deep into an allied army's formation.

I was waiting for that.

Timing it to be exactly as they opened up, I jump in the middle of the enemy army with Schwartz.

"If you're opening up, then my spear can also pass through!"

I stab the enemies in my way and Schwartz hooves send them flying as I advance towards the center of their formation. Schwartz would injure the heavy infantry if he carelessly stepped on them so he made an effort to step on the softer parts.

"Uwaah! He's here, he's here again!"

"Why does he only appear in front of us!"

It seems these guys participated in the attack on Port Randel. They start bad mouthing me as soon as they see my face.

"So noisy! Where I go is for me to decide!"

Talking about people like Casie. ¹

I swing my spear and send them flying. I hear screams in the direction I sent them so they shouldn't be dead. Thank god.

There seem to be an endless supply of enemies as I'm in the middle of a crowded formation. Just swinging my spear a little will cause chaos. I'm a bit short-handed so I prop my spear on my shoulder with one hand and pull my Dual Crater with my other, then swing it a couple times. 10 or 20 easily turn into corpses.

"Kuh! This guy, can I even stop him if I sacrifice my life... nn?"

The eloquently speaking middle-aged man is cut in half. A young soldier rushes in shouting to get revenge, but is flung in the air, stabbed by a spear from one of my allies and faints in agony.

With the huge confusion, the enemy loses their chance to attack and my allies are able to recover from having their formation split up, successfully regrouping again. It appears the army Erich trained isn't that weak. Now the enemy is isolated in the middle of allied territory.

"Now I just have to find and defeat the commander to put an end to these boxes..."

When I look around, I find a man in nice dress shouting profusely.

"What are you doing!? In this situation, you should get into assault formation again, pull back temporarily..."

Found him.

"Found you, is it you!?"

"Geh! Waaaah! Someone protect me! Hurry and protect me!"

A few enemy soldiers block the path, standing between me and the escaping commander.

"You're in the way."

I slice away one of them with my spear, knock another in the air and hit him in midair towards the third soldier. But the sword of the fourth soldier grazes Schwartz's face and puts him off balance.

"Bastard!"

I pierce through the heart of the fourth soldier and toss him aside, but now the commander has ran rather far away. It can't be avoided, and it might take some time but I'll for sure...

"Gugya-"

An arrow flies straight through the running commander's neck. Turning back to see who it came from, I see Pipi releasing them while riding on Christoph's shoulders. With all the people in a melee like this, the tiny Pipi doesn't have a clear shot after all. It's the first time Christoph ever contributed to the battle.

"Gu... h-heavy... get her off quickly."

Really, which part of Pipi is heavy when I can lift her easily with one hand? If you can't even do that, then you won't be able to lift a woman up and fuck her.

It was then a green flaming arrow was shot into the air from the headquarters. It looks like they're ready.

"Maintain your formations while moving backwards slowly."

All armies currently locked in a struggle for supremacy abandon their battles and my allies start falling back gradually. The enemy judges we couldn't endure their pressure and once again get into their phalanx formation, marching forward slowly.

On the right and left flanks of the enemy are 500 cavalry running parallel to their formation. They're holding some sort of flaming object in their hands.

"What is that?"

"It looks like a siege weapon."

Oil is poured into a porcelain pot and flames appear on the surface as well. If they attach a string to it and throw it after twirling it around a few times, the place it hits would burn fiercely.

It isn't a particularly special siege weapon. It doesn't have much range so it requires the user to get close thus making them a perfect target to be hit by arrows, it doesn't have much effect on stone walls, and there are many more weaknesses, so there are not many uses for this weapon despite the flames being powerful.

Perhaps it was determined that it will have enough of an effect on the heavy infantry because on top of being sluggish, a human is still under the armor.

“Nn? The enemy flank... no, their feet? Why don't they throw it in the middle?”

The cavalry threw the pot of oil at the enemy flank, or in other words, at the outermost soldier, just enough to burn him and not directly at the center.

“Well, this is Leopolt's doing. Let's just sit back and watch.”

Those cavalry probably hand-carry only those oil pots and don't even have spears with them.

They approach numerous times from the flank and attack the phalanx with fire. From the side, it might seem like these attacks are nothing but harassment, but the fire attacks from the side are gradually pushing the boxes are closer to each other.

“I see, it's not like they can walk through fire no matter how large of a shield they have.”

The soldier located at the edge of the formation is focused on maintaining the ranks and there's no way he would be willing to walk through the fire. Eventually, the entire box formation slowly shifts towards the center, and the other adjacent boxes are similarly being pushed to change directions too.

“So they're being gathered towards the center.”

“I see... just a little bit more.”

The Kingdom army is gradually retreating as usual and my private army never moved in the first place. It wasn't because of being slack, but they aren't equipped to conduct normal battle.

The cavalry repeat their attacks several more times and wait until the enemy box formations are almost touching each other before firing arrows at them. Those arrows aren't just regular arrows, but flaming arrows used in a siege battle.

“Uwaah!” “Hot!”

The flaming arrows won't penetrate the iron shields, but they can still disrupt the footwork of the soldiers when they get deflected and fall at their feet. Even the tiniest bit of flame which burns their body would cause them to pull back their feet on reflex. But this isn't the end of it.

Ballistae are used next... firing large flaming arrows that send shields flying and set soldiers on fire. In addition, the soldiers of the private army get into a defensive formation and throw ignited pots of oil and flaming pipes at them. Innumerable fires wrap around the front of the enemy.

“Fire ahead! Stomp it out!”

“They’re coming from all over, move the shields. We can’t see what’s in front of us! “

The enemy is sluggish and has poor visibility. They shouldn’t be able to deal with flames coming at them from all directions.

“What incredible flames... but wouldn’t it have been better to do this from the beginning?”

“No, the enemy needed to be tightly packed together, and more importantly, the infantry and cavalry deployed around them can’t be there. The soldiers ordered to start the fire are not equipped to fight enemies who can move around freely.”

Due to the earlier fierce battle, the infantry and cavalry without the protection of the box have already been scattered and were not able to fulfill their role. That’s how we are able to do as we please now. Nevertheless, not just the front, but the flames which converged them from the left and right are burning strong too. He did well to gather the enemy in the place he aimed for.

“Move! Move it! We’ll be burned to death!”

“Don’t mess up the ranks! We’ll be hit by arrows.” “Don’t be ridiculous! You’re telling us to stay in this fire!”

“Let us fall back! We’ll be wiped out at this rate!!”

They won’t just maintain their formation while remaining in the blazing fire, so most of the enemy abandon their shields and somehow find spots where there is no fire. However, the flaming arrows raining down on them prove their effectiveness by dropping and burning soldiers who broke formation.

The bow cavalry were prepared for hell and as soon as they released their flaming arrows, they added to the already cruel scene. There’s no longer any chance for me to do hand-to-hand combat with them so I return to the headquarters and stand beside Leopolt.

“That was incredible.”

“It was for this reason that a large amount of siege weapons were transported. The box formation the enemy heavy infantry makes is practically a castle on the battlefield, thus we just need to have the suitable equipment and we should be able to defeat them.”

The enemies at the front of the formation have already broken formation and are trying to escape, but the soldiers packed together in the back are preventing them from doing so. The units in the back are unable to grasp the situation on the field and are still continuing to march forward.

“It’s time now.”

“So I’ll be giving them the death sentence?”

“That is the commander’s duty and also privilege.”

Good grief. ²

We are pushed back by the enemy and have retreated to the point where we initially planned to ambush the enemy. In that case, we should be able to use them.

“All cannons... fire!”

The cannons roar loud enough to drown out the enemy’s screams, and although 10 cannons might seem like a small amount after witnessing the concentrated cannon fire from the Federation’s fleet, it should have enough power at close range.

Even the soldiers barely maintaining their formation are sent flying by the iron ball shot at them from the front and get defeated without any resistance.

At long last, the enemy is beginning to get routed and they all rush to escape after throwing down their swords and shields. The rear unit with relatively fewer casualties still pushes on in the face of all that’s happened.

“All units... charge!! Thoroughly annihilate them!”

The Kingdom army, the private army, the cavalry and archers all mix together to pursue the enemy. The vassal lords’ armies who ran away also gathered themselves

and give chase as well. Well-organized actions don't need to be taken any longer. We just need to hunt down the enemies and finish them off. There's a very slim chance the enemy's slow heavy infantry will outrun us.

With today's battle and following pursuit, it appears the Magrado army lost close to 30,000 out of their 35,000 forces. A majority of the soldiers became burnt corpses so I can't be sure of the exact number but it's very clear they have suffered catastrophic losses. This much should be enough to make them lose the will to fight, especially since their elite heavy infantry were completely destroyed.

"Is the end of the war close?"

"Nmoh... nmohmoh!"

I mutter while lightly patting the heads of the five women fighting to get my dick in their mouths.

By the way, Christoph got hit by the shield a soldier threw at him out of desperation during the pursuit of the enemy and was knocked out, so he couldn't finish off a single enemy this time either.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Autumn. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 39,900

Private Army: 7900 (Units brought to battle only)

Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 3900

Cannons: 8 (2 damaged when firing)

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 25,500

Neighboring Vassal Lords' Armies: 6500

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi, Tristan (house-sitting), Gido (critical condition)

Current Location: Travelling from the Nord Plains to the capital Odoros

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel, Annihilated the Magrado Army

Chapter 156

Magrado War ⑧

The End of a Warrior

-Aegir POV-

After our victory at the Nord Plains, there is no longer any army in the area who can stand up against us. It should be just like an uninhabited wasteland... or so we thought.

“This was unexpected.”

“It doesn’t delay us much but this isn’t good.”

Leopolt and Myla have a sour look on their faces.

Irijina and the 300 troops assigned to her come back to us from the side. They were dispatched to a farm village near the road to make them submit to us...

The rising black smoke and the woman’s sullen look tells me something happened though.

“That village was the same as well?”

“I told them I wouldn’t get violent as long as they surrendered... but all the villagers pointed swords at me so I had no choice but to burn everything down.”

I can’t blame Irijina for doing so. If the villagers ignored her advice to surrender and even wielded weapons against her, then they’re nothing but enemy soldiers. It’s natural for them to be exterminated, but I hope very few women and children got caught up in the mess.

“All the villages on the way from Port Randel were like this. Their forces were nothing special but this doesn’t really feel good...”

It’s exactly as Myla says. We burned each and every town and village we encountered

on the way to the capital. We didn't plunder or loot the places, but the citizens took up their arms against us. It wasn't just towns with a few thousand people, but even the small villages with a few dozen people formed their own army of volunteer soldiers and attacked us at night or ambushed us. Of course, there's no way the most amateur of amateurs could slow us down with their surprise attacks and got routed instead.

"Thinking about ruling over them in the future with so much hostility towards us really makes my head hurt."

"There's no way we can rule over those guys."

I did unusually get a woman over and had her suck on me, but apparently it was all a ruse and she bit down as hard as she could. Fortunately, she was a pretty nice woman and my dick was hard enough that her teeth didn't go all the way through, only bringing me more stimulation and causing me to ejaculate all over her. She went wild, screaming 'I'll kill you, enemy of my husband' while covered in my semen. I resignedly handed her a few gold coins and let her go, but she threw it back at me.

"I wonder why they hate us this much."

"Magrado was originally ruled by the state. Their animosity towards Goldonia was probably stirred up even before that earlier conflict... They might also consider the dead soldiers they dispatched to Treia as foul play on our part."

"This is annoying, but it doesn't change what we have to do – bring down the capital and crush Magrado. We can leave the problem of how to deal with these citizens to the person who will rule this area."

Myla is a pure soldier so she isn't familiar with politics. But what she said is absolutely correct. Rather than worry unnecessarily, first take down the capital.

"Fortunately, the acquisition of supplies will be easy."

Leopolt speaks with a cold tone.

It's well known that we need to pay to obtain things like food if the villages were to surrender and come under our control, but we can take everything for free if they resist.

"Enemy attack in the rear! It looks like they're militia."

“Aiming for the transport unit, are they... how foolish.”

It's the correct move to target the transport unit which is lightly guarded, but because my army has more cavalry, they can respond quicker to attacks. The cavalry will definitely gallop to the area faster than the villagers can accomplish their mission on foot.

“There isn't a particular need to deal with them. 500 bow cavalry are over there and can easily wipe them out.”

“I know. Let's pay them no mind and continue on.”

Haah, I wanted to have a taste of some Magrado women.

We continue to march on while repelling the resistance of the farmers and remnants of the defeated Magrado army until we receive notice from Erich that he encountered the other half of the enemy army and defeated them with the first division corps.

Apparently, in order to deal with the enemy's heavy infantry tactics, he lured them to muddy areas soaked with the heavy rain and used siege weapons like us to defeat them. They engaged with the enemy several more times after that and used the momentum from their victory over the heavy infantry to push the enemy army around until finally cornering them into a certain city and wiping them out.

“As expected of someone of his caliber.”

I haven't had many chances to fight alongside Erich recently, but I know he's an excellent commander and general. I wonder what would happen if I pit Leopolt against him.

“Is there something you need?”

“No, it's nothing.”

In any case, we shouldn't encounter anything else on the way to the capital besides those trivial attacks.

It seems the second division corps successfully completed their landing operation but are having trouble taking down the city where the vassal lord holed himself and his army in. Considering the size of the city, the enemy shouldn't have more than 5000 forces.

I really want to find out how on earth he could struggle against a motley crew of 5000.

Erich told me just to treat them as if they don't exist.

"It looks like we'll reach the capital first. Let's set up camp before they get here."

We brought our engineers this time around too. They've been doing nothing but building even during peaceful times so there is no group better in constructing camps than them.

"We let about 5000 soldiers escape while the first division corps didn't really let any run away so there should be about 10,000 soldiers left in the capital in total. Looking at it now though, they might proactively use the citizens in their defensive battle."

Magrado's capital, Odoros, has a population of 20,000 making it a little hard for us to overpower them with brute force even if we don't include the young children and elderly in their military force. With that said though, we can still crush them if they sortie on their own.

"I guess it's better to surround them and wait."

"Fortunately, we were able to establish our supply route over the river thanks to the Federation. We won't have a problem even in an extended siege."

"I would rather finish up quick and return home... well, I'm sure it won't take too long."

I feel it in my gut.

"Well, I'm going back to the carriage for a bit."

"Please watch the volume of your voices. The soldiers are forbidden to rape after all."

It irks me when I get told by Leopolt with such a straight face.

“Ahem, w-well, I’m going to take a little break too...”

Myla follows me.

“Do you wanna do it in your armor?”

“I-I’m not that improper!”

“Then how about pleading me to stop while riding on top?”

“I’m not a dirty women like that!”

I think Leopolt just sighed behind me.

-Third Person/Malt POV-

At the same time, Malt Kingdom: Biado.

“All units sortie!! Our destination is the city of Rafen in Hardlett’s territory! We’ll attack as quick as wildfire spreads and as furious as a strong gale!!”

“It’s normally the other way around. What a fool.”

Pablo yells loudly to motivate his unmoved soldiers.

On the other hand, Hilario is dressed in formal attire and cursing him on the side.

“Shut up! Why are you here in the first place? I’m the one who handles everything military.”

“Invading is a national issue, and since we are ruling over the kingdom together, we can’t have one of us stay back. You don’t need to worry, I won’t interfere. I’ll just be watching from the back.”

“Then you didn’t have to come...”

Hilario is completely ignorant about military affairs.

Normally when Pablo is absent from the palace, he would think about making progress with winning over the vassal lords.

But what would happen if Pablo manages to lead soldiers and carve out a large portion of territory for himself?

The trust of the vassal lords and nobles would instantly upsurge and any petty tricks of his would be blown away. In order to avoid that, Hilario needed to sortie himself to attain his own merits as well.

Of course, he wouldn't be entering any dangerous battlefields and only watching the outcome from the rear. On the off chance their plan fails, he would escape immediately and he can pass responsibility to Pablo.

"I don't think Pablo can do much without Brutus, but I heard Lord Hardlett is away because of the war between Goldonia and Magrado. That guy might be incompetent but his army of 10,000 isn't an illusion."

"Did you say something, brother!?"

"No, nothing. More importantly, what do you think about sortieing immediately? The soldiers don't look like they want to listen to your boring speech. Also, if you take too long, there's a chance Lord Hardleet will come home."

"Hmph, the messenger from Magrado said that the battle was progressing in their favor. He won't be back for the time being! Plus, I'm personally leading the invasion operation this time and things are progressing in secret. By the time he realizes what's going on, we'll have Rafen surrounded!"

"That would be nice if it were true."

The signal to invade is given and the army composed of Malt Kingdom soldiers and temporarily conscripted soldiers slowly depart from Biado.

-Third Person/Tristan POV-

Half a day later

"Urgent news from the spy. The 10,000 soldiers of the Malt Kingdom has finally departed. There's no doubt about it, they are heading north towards our territory!"

“Aaah... I thought so.”

Tristan heaves a sigh long enough to make the messenger who delivered the report uneasy. He already knew about their gathering of forces way in advance and has already prepared countermeasures. Even so, the endless echo of his loud sigh makes him seem like he really dreads actually going into battle.

“Is the scout still following them? How long until they reach the border?”

“The scout is staying hidden while tailing the Regent. Their invasion is quite slow so it’ll take about 10 days for them to reach the border.”

Tristan’s only savior is the web of secret scouting and information network established by Leopolt. The enemy’s movements are being read perfectly.

“Haah... then we’ll proceed as planned and evacuate the residents near the border. Naturally, please transport the food supplies too.”

“The messenger is already on the way! Things are progressing smoothly.”

“Haah, there’s nothing we can do now that it’s come to this. I guess I’ll just lead the soldiers... and set up in Zan Dora. We can’t completely prevent them stepping into our territory, but Lord Hardlett might get upset if that city falls.”

“Then let’s have you, the defense commander, delivered there as quick as...”

“...I can’t ride a horse. Please let me get on the fastest carriage you have.”

The messenger stares blankly at Tristan. The top supervisor of the defense of the territory or really any soldier not being able to ride a horse is like a merchant who can’t do math.

“I’m just a freeloader, not a soldier. It’s just if I don’t do it, I won’t get any money to buy books and I’ll be sent to the mines... aaah, just thinking about it gets me upset.”

Tristan packs his favorite books in a bag and when he grudgingly stands up, the door opens.

“Tristan! Is it true the enemy is coming!?”

Nonna comes rushing in with her large breasts swinging about. To prevent herself from falling while pregnant, she has several maids supporting her body. Having thoroughly experienced the woman's selfish whims, Tristan's expression becomes a little bit gloomier.

"Unfortunately, it seems so. I will be going to intercept them now."

The way he said it made it seem like he was just going out shopping, prompting Nonna to ask uneasily.

"Will things be okay!? Aegir-sama is not here, you know!?"

With her beloved husband here, she would have absolute trust that things will be fine and even have the luxury to relax, whereas by no means can she feel comfortable with this seemingly carefree man in front of her.

"Haah, well things will probably be fine? It's more or less within my expectations after all."

"Probably? More or less? Please get a hold of yourself! The lives of all of us here and the children in our bellies are on the line! If for some reason you fail and I'm not able to give birth to this child, I'll resent you for my entire life! Even if I die, I'll become a ghost and follow you until you perish!!"

"...I get it. I'll do my best."

Haah~ Tristan lets out the biggest sigh of the day and heads to the south.

-Aegir POV-

One Week Later, Magrado Capital: Odoros

"Fire!"

Each commander gives the signal and catapults launch boulders and pots of oil altogether. The projectiles fly in an arc over the high walls of the city of Odoros and

lands in the city. Black smoke accompanies the loud crashing sounds.

“We can’t lose to them. Fire!”

Following right after us, Erich’s first division corps similarly begins launching their attack.

Right now, Erich and I are together in the same place. Our objective is the same so there’s no reason to split up into two headquarters. Once reunited, our total number of forces is over 70,000 so it would be nice if the enemy could come out of their city.

“It’s been a while since I saw your face on the battlefield.”

“Yeah. By the way, I heard you earned a huge victory the other day.”

“Haha, you’re the impressive one. Wiping out the enemy in one battle on the plains. I just cornered them after fighting them multiple times.”

Erich sighs after we compare accomplishments.

“What is Marquess Hoover doing with the second division corps... He was put in charge of the north, which was supposed to put up the least resistance, but this is the result. The 30,000 soldiers are not being put to use at all. Even if he’s just giving face to His Majesty, this is too much.”

When the King had to decide the three people to become the army commanders, he couldn’t avoid appointing Hoover the role despite it being just a reserve role and despite Hoover being influenced by the conservative faction of the army nobles even now. The King is also departing with the Kingdom’s army so he probably wanted to avoid any unnecessary drama if possible.

Even so, Erich couldn’t imagine him being this useless after such long years of service in the military. If those 30,000 were here right now, it would be possible to consider brute forcing our way in.

“There’s no use grieving over the ineptitude of an old man. Once the battle is finished, I’ll ask him to retire to a place with nice weather.”

“You’re quite toxic aren’t you.”

A smile creeps on Erich's face.
That's right, wars should be done while smiling.

"Anyways... where on earth did you get those things there?"

"They're imitation products created using an item from the Federation as reference. They breakdown right away so it's hard to count on them though."

Eight cannons fire away in front of Erich.
The iron balls shot out from the barrel crash into the stone walls sending the archers stationed on top flying and creating large fissures in the surface.

Obviously, I can't let him know the source of those products is from Claudia who attained them through some illegal channels.

"Couldn't you demolish the entire wall if you shoot those?"

"It isn't that simple... aah, it seems another one just broke."

The cannon is powerful but it doesn't have enough precision to consistently strike the same place multiple times and its durability is too low to deal a decisive blow to a proper wall like this. Of course it would be a different story if we had way more cannons.

"It takes too much effort and money."

"...I see. Then it might be better if you used catapults."

It would be the best case if we could improve the cannons, but the craftsmen in my territory don't have the skill to reproduce the product made in the Federation.

"Doesn't it look like the battle is just about settled though?"

There are close to 100 catapults flinging objects into the city and over 10,000 archers continuously firing flaming arrows including the bow cavalry. Both ally and enemy alike should understand that the end is approaching. Plus, I heard the enemy isn't getting any reinforcements.

“You’re right. It’s just a matter of time. But this would mean the city would be like hell right now. The citizens will surely hate us quite a bit.”

“It’s a little late to care about that now.”

Erich must have encountered rebelling citizens along his marching route. He’s looking at me with a bitter look on his face.

“In any case, we should bring the city down quickly. Kenneth was probably the one who called the Federation’s fleet here. If things continue at this rate, he’ll act all self-important.”

After the Federation’s fleet destroyed Magrado’s navy, they moored at Goldonia’s port and the commander even garrisoned his troops there. It certainly looks like they want to cut in and see the end of the war. They might take advantage of us if we handle things poorly and struggle in our fight.

Just when orders were about to be given to increase the intensity of the attacks, the city gates suddenly open.

“The gates opened?” “Are they going to charge at us?”

The nearby soldiers are making a fuss about it.

However, Erich and I wait before making a decision.

It’s natural to believe that opening the gates in this situation signifies their surrender.

A single messenger runs forward and calls out in a loud voice.

“If you surrender, I swear there will be no further attacks on you. Abandon your weapons and line up... gugyah !!”

But the answer to the messenger comes in the form of a rain of arrows, as well as a group of heavy cavalry charging out from the gate. There are around 2000 enemies rushing at us, aimed towards the headquarters where Erich and I are situated.

“Assaulting us? No way, have they gone mad... you can’t go, got it?”

“Muu”

I unconsciously reach for my spear but Erich stops me.

It's true we have dispersed our forces, but there's no way 2000 cavalry could pass through the headquarters, the most heavily guarded area, with about 40,000 soldiers packed together.

They are instantly met with a shower of giant bolts and arrows, some of it coming from even the unique repeating bow, causing over half the cavalry to fall faster than they came rushing out.

"Have they gone insane?" "Well, they've been getting their ass handed to them, of course they'll get desperate."

The soldiers deployed on all fronts are sneering at how they don't even need to move to defend the headquarters.

Not even half the enemy remains as they continue to close the distance. It was quite the reckless charge.

Yet they don't stop.

Even as they get shot by bowguns and get sent flying by the giant arrows, the enemy maintains their ranks and not a single one of them runs away. They push their horses closer and closer towards us until the moment they get skewered.

If their horse gets shot down, they run on foot and if the rider is shot down, their horse continues running forward. The soldiers in the headquarters is gradually losing their composure too.

"What are you doing!? Concentrate all your arrows on them!"

"Order the cavalry to attack them from the flank!"

As the enemy charges at us, cavalry and spear units approach from the side and finish off a couple of the enemy cavalry. However, it didn't matter how many were killed by the flank attack. The enemy focuses only on advancing forward, regardless of how many casualties they suffer.

"Anti-cavalry defensive formation! Get your spears up!"

At last, the soldiers under direct command of the headquarters get into defensive positions. The enemy broke through the unit performing the siege attacks.

Well, it's more like they forcibly pushed their way past them, but their forces have been reduced to a mere 500 while our allies have practically taken no damage.

"But there are still 10,000 soldiers directly under the command of the headquarters, so how are they going to get past them?"

"Which side are you supporting?"

A defensive formation with no gaps is set up in front of the enemy, which can be taken out in two ways by cavalry – destroying the formation from long range like the bow cavalry, or slowing down and brushing away the spears – but if they choose the latter option, our allies would catch up, surround them from behind and wipe them out in an instant.

It was then that the enemy took another option.

"No way! They're going to charge in anyways!?" "Not good, the trailing units are going to break through!"

The heavy cavalry continue charging forward into the defensive formation, using the momentum and weight of their heavy equipment to crush the spear units and opening the path for the cavalry following behind them. Naturally, there was a terrifying collision between the enemy and the spears and the enemy suffered great casualties, dropping their unit count to a few dozen in number.

Nevertheless, they press on.

They run past the archers who intended to support the spear unit and hurriedly rush straight at us, ignoring the other soldiers in the headquarters. The enemy units continue to get taken out one after the other, becoming 50, then 30, then 20. Even so, they only look to push forward.

The man leading the pack bellows loudly.

"My name is Radgalf! Hardlett, if you are a true brave general, then you will come out and fight me!"

It seems he has designated me by name.

He swings his spear around to remove the soldiers blocking his path and cuts down

the fence so his horse can advance. His horse eventually gets stabbed by spears and he's forced to dismount but the fallen man recovers quickly and continues to run at me while waving his spear. His mud-covered appearance and desperate actions don't look unsightly in the least to me.

"Aegir, you better not be thinking of doing something stupid. We can deal with this guy just by shooting him down."

It's been a while since he's called me Aegir.
I guess he's lost a certain amount of composure too.

"The Supreme Commander should stay back. I'll stay here."

I raise my spear to let that Radgalf fellow know where I am.
But I'm not going where he is. I'll challenge him only if he can make his way past the allies in front of me.

"So you're over there!!"

As Radgalf brandishes his spear, the spear unit thrusts their weapons at him while the bowgun unit fires volley after volley, but he remains undefeated.
His last subordinate rushes to his aid and protects him, blocking the bowgun bolts with his body and becoming a porcupine.

"General... I wish you luck... I will be waiting in the otherworld..."

"Umu, it won't take long. Take a drink and sit tight!"

"As if I'll let you!!"

Irijina and Celia rush out from my right and left to protect me, but I don't have enough time to stop them.

"Don't block me!"

He somehow blocks Irijina's intense consecutive thrusts with his bare hands and tosses her aside. Next, he's easily able to block Celia's sword, parries her attack and kicks her to the ground.

“Gu...”

“Hau...”

“Haa, haa... Hardlett... Hardlett, oooh!!”

It’s almost exactly like how I fight – fine, bring it on.

Looking carefully, you can see his eyes are bloodshot and he can’t see anyone else but me.

Did I do something to make him resent me so much?

Irijina and Celia somehow seem unhurt and once again ready their swords, but I stop them from going any further.

He’s probably stronger than you girls. You probably won’t escape unscathed the next time.

Standing still in front me makes for a perfect target for the bowgun unit aiming to shoot him down.

“It’s not needed.”

I hold out my spear to stop them.

At the same time, some allies form a circle around us to give us some space.

He did well to get here with only 2000.

I’ll have to respond accordingly.

“My name is Radgalf, and you are Lord Hardlett!?”

“That’s right. What do you want with me?”

“Well done on your impressive battle in Treia! But I came carrying the regrets of my subordinates. Now that the battle is all but finished, this is my last chance... come, accept my request for a battle to the death!”

I don’t need to know any more than that, let’s fight.

“Alright. Come at me.”

“En garde! Uoooooooooh!!”

The spear swinging down at me is a halberd¹, which I block with my own spear, but it forces me to take a step back. He has a considerable amount of strength, rivalling that of the dwarves.

“Uoooooooooh!!”

Seeing how I moved backwards, he follows up with a side swipe and an upward thrust to continue his attack. I block his attacks successfully but step back every time. I want to counterattack but if I’m not careful, I might get my head split open. Even iron armor won’t be able to guard against this kind of strength.

“What’s wrong!? You’re only going to defend!?”

Since I didn’t make any move to attack back, he prepares to take a huge swing, aiming to strike a fatal blow.

This is my chance.

I time my own upward thrust to meet his full-powered down swing. As our weapons collide, a loud ear-splitting metallic sound rings out and the dry grass on the ground scatters into the wind.

The force of the tremendous impact knocks me back, but also pushes him away and brings his knee to the ground.

With some distance created between us, we will now be using the thrusting range unique to spears.

I’m the one who takes the initiative, performing my three-part thrust at his throat, chest and stomach, but Radgalf blocks all my attacks and even returns a thrust to my face.

The spear grazes my cheek and draws first blood.

Pushing his spear away with my arm guard, I swing my spear down intending to bisect him in a single strike, but he expertly twists his body to avoid the attack, then counters with a furious thrust aimed at my heart.

I deflect the blow with the handle of my spear on reflex, but open myself to his consecutive attacks.

I’m able to block his fourth and fifth attacks but I’m a bit slow to intercept his last

attack aimed at my knee.

“Gotcha!”

“Not yet!”

I lift up one leg and rotate my body to perform a spinning strike with my spear. The attack glances his shoulder, but because I was in an unsteady position, it isn't a deep enough wound. However, I won't ignore how he staggers, creating an opening for me.

“Fuun!”

I swing my spear furiously down at him, which might be a simple attack, but not one you can block half-heartedly.

He also uses all his effort to meet my attack with his spear but on the third time we clashed, his weapon breaks. He promptly draws his sword to block the fourth time, but he gets sent rolling on the ground. He must have scraped his forehead as blood runs down his head, dying half his face red.

As I was about to skewer him before he gets up, he flings some blood at me with his hand. My body stiffens instinctively at the sudden action.

“There!”

His sword digs into my side.

Blood squirts out and I unconsciously reach to press against my wound.

“Gu...”

“Wh- ! Dastard !!” “ Do you know no shame !!?”

The surrounding soldiers jeer at him.

The one making the most fuss is Celia and if it wasn't for Irijina stopping her, she would have jumped out and attacked the other guy.

I don't really think anything of it myself to be honest.

We aren't competing in some swordplay tournament.

This is just a one-on-one on the battlefield and a deathmatch where anything goes as

long as you win.

“Let’s finish this.”

“Yeah.”

My wound doesn’t reach my internal organs, but it isn’t shallow either. He looks a little clumsy, so maybe he’s feeling some pain from my previous attack too. Both of us probably want to settle this battle as soon as possible.

I drop my spear and unsheathe my Dual Crater.
It’ll be over in a flash.

“Seiyyaaa!”
“Shi-!”

I run towards him and cross blades with Radgalf. He slashes at me diagonally ignoring all defense, which I plan to evade with a paper-thin margin, but it was probably read by him from the start as he slightly changes the angle of his attack instantaneously as if capturing my movement.

Can I dodge it?
The world seems to move in slow motion as I twist the left side of my body, but feel the blade of his sword cutting into me.
His slash doesn’t reach all the way to my bone though.

With a splash of blood, his sword passes through my body, but I suddenly see a completely defenseless Radgalf in front of me.
I can feel a small smirk emerge on my face.

There was a sharp cutting noise.
The moment which felt like forever was actually over in the blink of an eye.
The soldiers all look on in worry, awaiting the outcome of the duel.

“Aegir-samaaaa!! I’ll assist you right now!”

You don’t have to come.
It’s over.

A geyser of blood shoots out from my shoulder, but Radgalf's stomach splits open and spills his organs to the ground.

The battle is finished.

He lets go of his sword and falls over while still facing me, meanwhile the pain from my shoulder caused me to fall on my ass.

His hand grabs at my foot, but his grip is loose. After leaking his blood and guts all over the ground, he probably won't survive for more than a few minutes.

"...Was I... strong?"

"Radgalf, you were the strongest man I've fought so far."

"Is that so... Ansgar! Dieter! I'm on my way, we can laugh at my defeat as we drink together!"

Radgalf looks up at the sky while laying on his back, extending his hand towards the heavens and then passes on with his eyes still wide open.

What a heroic end – he has a satisfied smile on his face.

"Geez! Geez! You suffered such injuries again!!"

I gently pat the crying Celia as she treats my shoulder and side.

"He was quite an impressive man. I might happily let him embrace me if I was a woman."

On second thought, I take it back – imagining his bearded face sucking on me is gross.

Shortly after the death of Radgalf and all his subordinates, a large white flag is raised from the palace. Magrado's royalty have completely surrendered and even the Treian royalty who were under Magrado's protection also completely surrendered to us.

The war with Magrado is finally over, but at the same time, I receive a notice that the Malt Kingdom is invading my home.

I guess the fighting will continue.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Winter. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 39,900

Private Army: 7900 (Units brought to battle only)

Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 3900

Cannons: 7

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 25,500

Neighboring Lords' Armies: 6500

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Leopolt (Deputy Commander), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi, Tristan (house-sitting), Gido (???)

Current Location: Capital Odoros

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel, Annihilated the Magrado Army, Won Against Radgalf in man-to-man combat, Capitulated the Capital Odoros (joint)

Chapter 157

Malt Kingdom Invasion ①

Crossing the Border

-Third Person/Malt POV-

Near the Goldonia-Malt Border

“Hah ha! The enemy has absolutely no clue of our presence! It’s a straight line towards Rafen!”

“...there are no signs of any sentries. Doesn’t this mean they have realized our advance?”

“Quiet! If brother is just spectating, then stay in the back, you’re distracting.”

The Malt Kingdom army of 10,000 soldiers advanced slowly past the borders without facing the slightest resistance. There are crude watchtowers for surveillance purposes and small tents on the Goldonian side of the border but it seems the entire area has been confirmed to be uninhabited.

“Since there are no enemies, can’t we speed things up!? If we don’t hurry, and that guy comes back...”

“If that Lord Hardlett comes back, then you’ll be slaughtered in no time at all.”

“I don’t need your bad jokes, stay in the back!!”

Pablo and Hilario yell at each other, but because most of the soldiers are militia gathered temporarily, they aren’t well trained and no matter how much you try to rush them, they won’t be able to increase their speed by much. The Malt Kingdom army crawls forward at a snail’s pace.

Eventually, they could see a small village on the way to their destination.

“Oooh, I can see a village! Alright, let’s start things off by crushing that village to liven up our spirits.”

On Pablo’s orders, the soldiers draw their swords and head to the village. But no sounds of clashing or shouting could be heard, and the soldiers returned uneventfully.

“What happened!? Hurry and wreck the village...”

“With all due respect sir, there is not a single person in that village. It’s unpopulated.”

“What?”

Pablo spurs his horse forward into the village, opening door after door of each house, but only comes across a single stray dog sniffing around as he passes through the area.

“It’s unpopulated... don’t tell me they were alerted about us!?”

“What are you on about now...”

He rummaged around the houses in hopes to at least find some supplies, but there was no food nor fodder for horses anywhere.

“So they took away all their supplies... how underhanded!”

Naturally, the Malt Kingdom army is carrying a certain amount of food. But because of the long march, they were consuming their food reserves rather quickly and were under the assumption they could resupply themselves by raiding the villages as they advance.

Malt is a small country so they couldn’t send out food supplies to the frontlines where their armies are like Goldonia does.

“At least we can get some water then...”

Water is heavy to carry so it’s expected to resupply at the site of the battle.

“There are two spots where wells are located in the village – one in the middle of the village and one on the outside.”

“Split up and use them, we’re leaving right afterwards.”

The well situated in the middle of a small village isn’t enough to support an army of several thousand soldiers. They are fortunate to find another well in a wider area.

“Son of a bitch, once you’re done refilling, burn the village down!”

“Nothing will change if you do something so meaningless.”

“Shut up!! There’s a dirty beggar over there, so someone ask if there’s a shortcut or something around here!”

The Malt Kingdom’s army continues their advance.

-Third Person/Tristan POV-

Zan Dora, Defense Headquarters

“The Malt army has arrived at the village of Pipo.”

“Hm, they’re later than expected by three days.”

Tristan stares at the map while sipping his tea. The soldiers around him are looking on uneasily but don’t voice their complaints out loud. This person was decided by the feudal lord himself so if they get in his way, something scary might happen to them later.

“As planned, the cities along the road have been emptied of people, food and fodder. Did you follow what I said about the wells?”

“Yes, composting liquid has been poured into the wells dug outside the village along their path.”

“It’s dirty, but they have 10 times the number of forces, so it can’t be helped. Also, did you take care of the markers pointing to Rafen?”

“Yessir, the markers in several dozen places have all been changed to point in a

different direction. Spies dressed as beggars have also been positioned in multiple locations to lead them as far off to the remote region as possible... but will just changing a few signs really mislead the enemy?"

"Well, the enemy has to be a real idiot for it to have any decent effect."

The soldiers slump in disappointment.

"But it's fine. Changing the signs is a five minute job for two people. It doesn't take much effort at all and if it actually works, then it's something we can rejoice in."

Tristan then slips a bookmark in between the pages of his book.

"It's about time we send some soldiers as well."

"Finally time for the decisive battle?"

"It's nothing like that at all. Confronting an army of 10,000 head-on with just a measly 1000 is utter madness. We'll act according to plan and divide into groups of 50 each. Their movement is slow so they won't be able to capture us if we choose complicated terrain to fight on."

"Haah... but splitting up into such small numbers will..."

Accumulating your forces in one spot has been a basic strategy since ancient times, so scattering an already small army can only be seen as an unbelievably reckless action.

"It'll be fine. I have no intention of defeating the enemy upfront. If we can stop them from moving, their supplies will be exhausted and if we buy enough time, the Count will come back. And then, we can sit back and relax by reading a book."

Tristan hands over a document with the layout of the area. Written on it is the positions where each squad will be hiding, the direction and route of the enemy's invasion, the direction of retreat after attacking and other detailed information.

"For now, just follow this document. If the situation changes, I'll send out another messenger... aah, it's so nice being able to use a messenger."

The soldiers were slightly taken aback but later feel relieved when they think about

how this person was chosen by the feudal lord.

“So, Tristan-sama will not be moving from this location?”

“Like I said, I can’t ride a horse. I can’t wield any weapons, and I remember getting badly injured after fighting with a wild rabbit¹ when I was young, so I decided I won’t fight anymore.”

The soldiers’ expressions become gloomy once again.

-Aegir POV-

North Teries River, Eastern Coast, Goldonian Camp

“How far has the Malt Kingdom advanced?”

“According to the last messenger, they were at this point. However, there is a time difference because of their distance so it might not be the most accurate.”

“Right...”

The location indicated by Myla was south of the border, but that was information given four days ago. She can only really go off their marching speed as of now and surmise they probably haven’t gone too far past the border.

After receiving the notice of Malt Kingdom’s departure, I urgently notified Erich, left Leopolt to deal with matters in Odoros and set out with my army. It might be a half-baked job as a division corps commander, but my territory is also a part of Goldonia’s territory, so it isn’t strange to prioritize Malt Kingdom’s clear act of invasion over dealing with the settlement of the Magrado war.

I lead my private army and a division of 15,000 I borrowed with me back home as quickly as possible, but crossing the river will inevitably take a while.

“I could go back by myself and fly over in a flash...”

“The enemy has 10,000 soldiers. They should be anticipating reinforcements in Rafen,

so if only Lord Hardlett goes back, their morale will actually go in the opposite direction.”

I left Leopolt in Odoros so Myla was assigned to be the provisional deputy commander by my side. Celia was greatly unhappy about this and got in a huff. She’s been getting better recently but there are still many holes she needs to fill. Myla is also definitely more experienced.

“At this pace, it’ll take more than two weeks. If only the cavalry gallop ahead, they can reach the destination in a week.”

“Of course, we would proceed with that option when necessary but... the situation doesn’t seem too pressing based off the report we heard.”

“The enemy has 10,000 right? We have a little over 1000 and can’t even get more than 2000 counting the bow cavalry and kids.”

“Tristan will probably do a good job. He does not seem to show it on the surface, but I’d like us to hurry anyways. There is a small chance they arrived on a tight schedule.”

“I guess that’s about all we can do... I told the girls to escape to the north in the worst case scenario, so they should be fine.”

We can rebuild the city if it gets burned down, and we can steal back any assets if they pillage the place. The women are the only things which can’t be recovered. I can’t stand the enemy attacking and then killing or impregnating them.

“Nonna-sama... it seems she’s also conceived a child.”

That’s right, the report also listed Nonna’s pregnancy. She’s finally attained one of her deepest desires of getting pregnant so I want to see to it that she gives birth safely.

“Was it Brutus? He also does stupid things. No, perhaps it’s the idiot with him who did it? I’m not sure who it was, but we’ll teach them a lesson.”

“Of course. Let’s give them a thorough thrashing.”

It wasn’t explicitly displayed on her face but Myla was also quite upset. Celia and the others nod in agreement behind her, Irijina specifically shouts how she’ll skewer the

enemy.

“Nevertheless, Tristan is quite impressive. As expected of Lord Hardlett to see this in him.”

“It would be wonderful if he cured that lazy attitude of his.”

Myla and Celia compliments Tristan but also sigh at some points which annoy them. That’s just how his personality is.

“The land and my wife are in danger... yet look how pathetic I am...”

In the corner of the carriage, a voice comes out from under a blanket.

Gido is also riding in our carriage, lying on his side while wrapped in multiple layers of blankets. The doctor saw the decaying hole in his stomach and said 90% couldn’t be saved, but he somehow managed to dodge the god of death. There’s no doubt the injury is a serious one and he won’t be able to get up for some time but his life is no longer in danger and as long as he manages to keep himself flat, he should be fine, thus we brought him along with us to Rafen.

“You protected Celia, so you did well enough. Just leave the rest to me and let your wife nurse you back to health.”

Celia once again deeply lowers her head to thank him. If Gido didn’t protect her, Celia would have been pierced by that shard of iron and being such a small girl, she would have surely died.

If that happened, I don’t know what I would have done. Perhaps I would have charged into Odoros by myself and massacred everyone from the royalty to the beggars.

“Regardless, you did well. Once the war is over, I’ll give you a reward as a thanks for surviving.”

“T-that’s too generous of you... thank you very much.”

Gido tries to lift his body up, but Luna lays him back down and pats his head. Having the girl he admired all this time treat him so gently, Gido lays down obediently.

“This is based off my own experience, but when you get injured in the stomach, the man in between your legs goes out of control. So much so that your wife will have a hard time satisfying you by herself.”

“Is that how it is!?”

“Yeah, to prove it, I injured my side and shoulder and... it got like this.”

My dick is making a tent in my pants. It's exceptionally hard right now. I had Celia relieve me the first thing in the morning, but it practically didn't change anything.

“What a strong and manly spear as usual...”

Gido secretly takes a peek under the futon at his own thing and sighs.

“So I guess I'll be moving to another carriage for a while. Luna, sorry but look after him.”

“Of course. Being from the same village, I'll do my best to tend to him.”

“Gido, Luna's my woman, but... if you get her permission, I'll allow you to feel her breasts.”

“Eeeh!?”

I add a “Just kidding” and then laugh before exiting the carriage.

Gido took me seriously and actually seemed to be looking forward to it though.

I guess he still has some lingering attachment to her when his wife isn't here.

I put my arm around Myla's shoulders and hug her close as I bring her to a different carriage.

“Myla.”

“Yes, my lord!”

“We'll go with a regular march for now, and only when Rafen is in danger will we hurry back with only the cavalry. Make the preparations.”

“I understand.”

“Good, then I'll have you suck me off too. I'll fill your stomach with my seed.”

“Gu... don’t say something like that in front of the troops, save it for night time...”

I’m sure Tristan will be fine, but if he gets defeated because they marched quicker, I’ll reduce his budget for books.

“Hardlett-dono! This is amazing!!”

The sound of our hips banging against each other resound. I’m pulling Irijina’s arms back as I thrust from behind standing up in the unstable carriage.

“You have the perfect height to do it in this position! Take that!”

“Aah! T-thick! Even after stretching me out so much, it still feels so tight...”

Even in the reverse standing position, I don’t have to lower my hips much for the tall Irijina, which means I can thrust with even more strength. For the other girls, I have to drop my hips and thrust in an awkward position or do it while they rest on a platform of some kind.

“I’m gonna go even rougher... uoooooh!”

“Guuuu!! S-so fierce... ooooooooooh-... your hips are incredible!”

It’s obvious the carriage is shaking. The slapping of flesh and Irijina’s moans are out in the open, all the soldiers around us can tell we’re doing it. I got aroused after being on the battlefield and suffering an injury so I’m being pretty rough with her, but the legs and hips of the well-toned Irijina holds up well to the attack.

“Your legs are so sturdy. Your ass is also nice and big.”

“Uu, don’t say that. I’m also... a woman.”

“I know that. That’s why you’re getting so wet from having a man inside you.”

As I pull my juice-covered dick out slowly from her hole, Irijina shakes her head in refusal, then pushes her hips against me to insert my meat rod back into her vagina.

“It’s been so long since I could enjoy a one-on-one session with you like this. I want to treasure this moment.”

Strictly speaking, Myla and Celia have already been fucked and are lying in front of Irijina, but Celia is passed out and is asleep in the same carriage as Gido, while Myla is organizing the troops with a flushed face.

“We’ve only been having orgies recently after all. “

“It’s in front of trustworthy family, so I don’t dislike doing it with everyone, but sometimes it’s just nice when it’s just the two of us!”

Irijina turns her neck back and smiles at me like an embarrassed young girl, but immediately sticks her tongue out when I thrust into her womb.

“Yeah, let’s make some more time like this in the future. Anything else you want?”

“...a kiss, please.”

Women just love kisses, don’t they.

I contort her body so I can take her lips with mine and she sends me much of her saliva impatiently. The saliva she unyieldingly sends to me mixes with mine as I return the favor and send it back down her throat.

“Nmmu... nnnh!!”

Seeing Irijina swallow so much spit, I suddenly reach my climax and my semen gushes out. We both don’t stop kissing each other so our voices don’t leak out but Irijina collapses to the floor with a surprised expression, accepting my continued ejaculation while switching into the missionary position.

My ejaculation lasts a long time and a huge load comes out, since in addition to being backed up, I didn’t cum with Myla or Celia. While lying on top of her and continuing to cum, we keep kissing passionately, causing Irijina’s heart to ascend into another dimension and her face to melt. It was an unimaginable look for the woman who rampaged on the battlefield.

My ejaculation went on for 10 minutes, and Irijina loses consciousness, smiling

happily as her lips remain overlapping with mine.

“So Pipi’s next, let me do you while I lift you up.”

“I like that too. But right now...”

Pipi was watching as I did it with Irijina and was turned on, pleading me to kiss her. I’ll give her a deep kiss that she’s never had before.

In the end, Pipi suddenly squirts, climaxing only with an intense kiss and not even having her genitals touched.

A woman’s body is so convenient, they can cum just from a kiss.

We advance slowly but surely along the road towards Rafen.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Winter. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 22,900

Private Army: 7900

Infantry: 2500, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 3900

Cannons: 7

Kingdom Army – 2 divisions: 15,000

Additional – Rafen Defense Squad: 1000

Military Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Myla (deputy commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi, Tristan (defense army), Gido (severely injured)

Current Location: Eastern Coast of North Teries River

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel, Annihilated the Magrado Army, Defeated Radgalf in man-to-man combat, Capitulated the capital Odoros (joint)

Chapter 158

Malt Kingdom Invasion ②

Beaten Hands Down

-Third Person/Malt POV-

Malt Kingdom Army, Headquarters

“Whaat!? You took the wrong path? Are you guys all idiots!!?”

Pablo’s yelling voice rings out and one of his subordinates get kicked.

An advance guard made up of several hundred soldiers preceded the main army of 10,000 to do reconnaissance and scouting of the topography. That advance guard just notified the main army that they reached a swamp which cut off their path on the way forward. The main army already followed the advance guard in that direction so it would be a considerable waste of time if they were to double back.

“Where did they get it wrong... we followed the path exactly too!”

“Your Highness, perhaps we were wrong from the very beginning...”

“What? Didn’t we head straight in the direction of Rafen when we left? I also checked the markers.”

“Well... isn’t there a possibility that the markers themselves are fake?”

The air froze over for a short moment.

“Damn! Shit, fuck!! He tricked me, that sneaky fucker!”

“It’s nice how the enemy has it so easy. Seeing how we got caught in some childlike trick and all.”

Hilario was about to add something and sneer at Pablo, but the commanders have serious looks on their faces. If they knew about it, they would have pointed it out at that moment. Which just means, two grown men fell for some infantile prank.

“Your Highness, there is also an increasing amount of people in the army who are feeling ill. They are especially suffering from stomach pain and intense diarrhea, preventing a lot of them from being able to continue marching...”

“Abandon those weaklings!”

“We are guessing that this has something to do with the wells being tampered-” “Shut up! Is this really the time to worry about some stomach pain!? We’re going right back to the beginning of the path. We’re marching on a stricter schedule to make up the time!”

Not a single person said anything else after that.

They knew Pablo would not get the message, and Hilario is criticizing people but hasn’t made many constructive remarks.

“Abandoning all the ill soldiers and advancing...”

“There really isn’t much choice, we’re already running out of food. If we take them with us, we won’t be able to move at all either.”

“Let’s consolidate the immobile sick soldiers at a watering hole. Some might survive if they get some clean water, plus the enemy isn’t so inhuman that they would kill all of them.”

Everyone except the two royalty are crestfallen. Being the invading army, they knew it wasn’t out of the ordinary if Goldonia didn’t show them any mercy.

“Enemy attack! From the left, numbers... about 50!”

“...again?”

Ever since they passed by the first village, they’ve been getting attacked frequently by a group of small forces. This time again, they get showered with arrows from the top of a hill and a few soldiers get taken down.

“Tch, again with this petty harassment! Chase them down and crush them!!”

Infantry and cavalry head out on Pablo's orders.

However, their arrows couldn't reach the enemy disappearing below the ridgeline of the hill and by the time they desperately worked their way up the hill, they could no longer catch up to the enemy. The cavalry wanted to close the distance, but there was an area of wetlands on the other side of the hill and would probably stop them from moving if they crossed carelessly, so they gave up.

“Again?... those soldiers hiding there have already decided where to escape from the very beginning. We're being led around by the nose.”

One of the commanders makes a rather pathetic comment.

The casualties suffered from that attack is insignificant, but that's the third attack today. Having soldiers fall over from small attacks chipping away at the sides does nothing to improve morale.

In addition, there hasn't been a day where they did not get raided at night ever since they crossed the border, although the scale might be different every time, so the soldiers have not been able to get a decent sleep.

Everytime the weary soldiers see any forests, hills or marshlands, they would feel frightened. Their marching speed slowed down even further and they wouldn't walk faster than the pace of an old cow no matter how much Pablo yelled at them.

“If only His Excellency Brutus was here...”

“Hey you! What did you just say!?”

Pablo grabs one of the commanders, who was whispering to himself, by the collars and punches him. The commander falls to the ground and suffers a nosebleed, but because Pablo hit the helmet, he winces at the pain he caused his own hand.

“What problem do you have with me, that guy's superior, taking command!? If you say something like that again, off goes your head!”

Nothing you say to Pablo registers in his mind.

The soldiers have no other choice but to entrust the fate of their lives to the heavens.

“Captain, what are you looking at?”

“The sky. This is the same winter sky as the one I saw in my home village.”

“It’s not that far away after all, right?”

“You should look too.”

“Right, sir...”

“This might be the last time.”

When they start turning back and heading to where they came from, sounds of battle can be heard behind the main army again – the fourth attack today.

-Third Person/Tristan POV-

At the same time, Zan Dora: Defense Headquarters

“Fumu, fumu, it’s roughly what I expected.”

“The only squads which failed to escape and were captured or exceeded the predicted amount of casualties suffered are the 12th and 17th squads. The squads which lost more than 10 people are the 3rd, 6th, 10th, and 19th squads.”

“Yes, let’s have the 12th and 17th squads fall back temporarily to Zan Dora and reorganize themselves. Other than that, let’s have the other squads get closer together and work with each other.”

Suffering a little over 100 casualties while trying to slow down an enemy with over 10 times your forces is a terrifyingly small amount. 20 molded chess pieces representing each of the 50-man squads are placed on top of an open map, with a single red piece in the middle indicating the enemy. Since scouts are tailing the enemy quite closely, their accurate whereabouts can be determined.

“The enemy’s advance guard should be approaching the swamp now. They’re going to realize they went in the wrong direction and turn back, so let’s deploy the 4th squad and kill their momentum.”

The chess piece with the number 4 written on it is moved to the path the enemy would turn back and take on the map.

“That person is really commanding without even a glance at the battlefield.”

“I’ve never seen that before.”

Tristan opens a book and begins to read, as if saying ‘All that’s left is to wait’, while the soldiers in the headquarters speak in amazement.

But their eyes have no hint of doubt.

They have no reason to complain when the individual has shown his ability to put up a good fight against an enemy with 10 times their numbers.

“Defense Commander, emergency report. It looks like a part of the enemy is branching off and doing a thorough patrol.”

“Well that’s a problem. Let’s move squads here and here. The patrol unit shouldn’t be that powerful, so we can defeat them if we lure them correctly.”

Contrary to his words, Tristan doesn’t seem impatient at all and gives instructions while holding his book in one hand.

“If they send out a patrol squad now, then they won’t do it when the enemy is in front of them. There isn’t much meaning in sending them when all areas around you are suspicious... in any case, this enemy is just like the ones in books.”

The soldiers were peeking curiously so Tristan opens the book up and shows them.

“Here look, taboos in war – “Invading without knowledge of the enemy’s position nor the terrain/routes”, “Making use of the food and water left in enemy territory”, “Believing information gained from the enemy grounds without close scrutiny”... see? The enemy is doing everything you’re not supposed to do, so of course we’re having an easy time.”

“Even so, can’t you consider not allowing the enemy with 10 times your numbers to invade as a product of your ability?”

“The enemy is organized in so many different formations, so it seems they aren’t bringing any veteran soldiers. When we pit a 50-man squad against this long vertical line of 10,000 soldiers, we actually have about 100 people against them, you see. Things will be easy on us if we just run away before they can gather themselves.”

“Is that how it is?”

“Yes, the enemy’s most optimal move is heading to Rafen in a straight line. If they come straight at us from the front, we would have 10 times our numbers alive and knocking on our doors. I did make preparations around Rafen just in case, but it would have been a much harder fight than it is now. “

It is usually the case when facing a smaller army that the most optimal solution is to just charge in a straight line without any petty tricks. Tristan must have remembered the time he got his confidence crushed as he makes a slightly displeased face.

“Well, I wasn’t thinking of creating something like a peasant country anyways. Maybe this is just fate.”

“Then if the enemy changes their strategy in the future and makes heads into Zan Dora at full speed, would we be in a dilemma?”

“I guess... I’ll leave 300 bow cavalry behind just in case, but... that would be bad.”

The soldiers look uneasy again, but Tristan smiles.

“It’ll be too late though. See, look...”

As if Tristan was done thinking, he tosses his conducting baton on the map spread out on his desk.

Listening carefully, one might hear the cheers of joy from the soldiers on top of the watchtowers.

“The enemy doesn’t have the numerical advantage anymore, you see.”

A pitch-black flag was being flown from beyond the horizon.

The faint cloud rising in the air wasn’t fog nor sand blown up by the winter breeze. It was the dust kicked up by the hooves of several thousand horses.

“Looks like time’s up.”

The soldiers in the headquarters also stick their heads out of the windows and wave flags.

The feudal lord’s main force has come back from Magrado at last.

Now that he knew his job is finished, Tristan picks up his book in one hand and begins reading while sipping his tea.

-Aegir POV-

“Ally flags are being flown in Zan Dora! It doesn’t look like they’re being surrounded.”

Celia informs me happily.

“So Tristan’s done his job. I was prepared for Zan Dora to have fallen already, but he’s quite the impressive fellow.”

“Now that we have arrived, an army of 10,000 or so shouldn’t be a problem at all. Let’s thoroughly annihilate them.”

“They’ll all be skewered!”

Myla and Irijina are in high spirits too.
But don’t say anything too extreme.

“...Uuu”

There, look, Celestina is troubled now.

In her eyes, the citizens are people she should be protecting, even though she was chased out. Since Celestina is especially kind, she thinks that being chased out is partly her fault too.

On the way to Zan Dora, we returned Gido to Rafen and brought Celestina along. It made us a little late, but the situation doesn’t seem too depressing from what Tristan told me, and there should be more benefit to picking up the girl than to arriving one or two days earlier.

“Here, come.”

I pick up Celestina who is clinging to Monica.

“...brother, are you going to kill all the Malt soldiers ?”

“Of course! They’re the invading army, do you think we can let them leave here ali-!!”

I stuff my fingers in Celia’s mouth to stop her from talking about delivering the finishing blow to the enemies.

I thought she just went quiet, but she was actually licking my fingers with a flushed face.

It feels like Celia’s been in heat a lot recently.

“They came to attack us so there’s no choice but to fight them. If we leave them alone, then everyone will become just like Celestina’s father.”

“Yeah, but... that happened because I was at fault. Is it not enough that I was chased out ?”

It’s not possible to hold back like that in a war.

But we can hold off on the thorough sweep to clean up the enemies, plus there’s not much meaning in doing so.

“This is a fight, you see. But, we can still do as much as we can to limit the amount of deaths. So will Celestina help out too?”

Celestina cheers up instantly, her smile beaming brightly.

“Yes! Of course! If it’s something I can do, I’ll do anything.”

I pat her head to tell her how she’s such a good girl and return the happy little sun back to Monica.

Then I whisper something into the woman’s ear.

“Don’t let her go outside the tent when the fighting starts, put her to sleep with some alcohol or something.”

Monica might just be an attendant in the royal courts, but it’s not like she was unaware

of what was happening on the battlefield. Normally, she would respond with a biting remark, but this time she nods silently.

“...so, why am I coming too?”

After resting for one night in Zan Dora, we'll head out for the decisive battle with the enemy. Now that we've arrived, the defense army has lost its meaning, so the unit which did its best will all return to Zan Dora and take a breather, and now that Tristan lost his title as the defense commander he will be accompanying me.

“The defense is over, isn't it? Please let me go back to Rafen.”

“I can't do that. It makes sense for you to see your work through to the end.”

“Eeeh, it's cold though.”

What a spoiled brat, the winter in the Central plains is nothing compared to the winter in the Federation. Besides, why are you complaining when you're riding a carriage with a roof?

“What about getting some practice for horseback riding then!? You're a soldier, right?”

“No way. I'll die.”

Tristan's unathletic ability is deep-seated.

The sword placed on his hip as a courtesy also had the blade removed. Even if the sword was intact, he wouldn't be able to use it properly, and there's an overwhelming possibility he would cut his own leg. The scene where he falls head first off his horse as soon as he gets on also comes into my mind.

“Fine, enough then. So do you have anything else in particular you need to report to me?”

“Haah... no, not really. The enemy will continue their unnecessary march, and their forces have not decreased all that much, but they're fatigued from our intermittent surprise attacks. It's exactly how I reported to you before, but they're fairly unskilled and they aren't able to use a decent formation to defend against surprise attacks.”

“Fumu, do you know their position?”

“Yes, they are here on the map... they should be going through the woods here. They’re advancing slowly while preparing for our surprise attacks, so I think it should take them until tomorrow morning to pass through.”

“Alright, then advance the army to the plains past the woods. We’ll hit them all at once in the open space. We’ll send a small detachment of spear and bow cavalry in the front and systematically eliminate the enemy scouts, but make sure they don’t discover our position.”

“Sounds fine to me?”

“You’re speaking in such a rude manner again!”

“I think that’s an excellent idea too.”

“Finally!? It’s time now, right!?”

Myla doesn’t seem to have any objections either.
Let’s teach them what a real field battle is.

The Next Day, Midday

“It’s coming into view... what horrible ranks.”

The 10,000 Malt Kingdom army soldiers are marching towards us in a long, snaking column formation. They’re really just trudging along the road in a straight line without any squads deployed to the right or left.

“Even if they don’t realize our presence, this is enemy territory. I don’t know if they’re bold or just dumb to march straight in two lines like this.”

This is almost like the marching parades in the capital celebrating a victory – a defenseless formation.

“They’re probably idiots.” “They’re idiots.” “They’re idiots!!”

That means we can do as many surprise attacks as we want.

“If they hid cavalry at their flanks, they might be waiting for this moment.”

“...my apologies.”

It's not like I was blaming Myla. I just thought Leopolt would say something like that if he were here. Plus, I don't feel like annihilating them at all.

“The enemy has realized we're here... both sides? They're deploying on both sides.”

“That isn't them deploying to the left and right, they're just spreading out randomly.”

“The Kingdom army and the infantry unit will advance while remaining in your horizontal position, cavalry will position in the flanks and look to cut in!”

The soldiers move according to Myla's orders.

Not to brag or anything, but the Kingdom army trained by Erich and my private army trained by me are moving so quickly it's like there's a time lag between them and then Malt army in front of them.

Compared to the hectic enemy soldiers, our army is closing the distance in an orderly manner. From what I can see, the flustered enemy looks like they're struggling just getting soldiers to the front.

And then, a group looking like the archer squad somehow pushes their way to the front of the enemy's ranks. No long after my allied forces were given the order to ready their shields, the enemy fires their arrows all at once.

“What are they thinking?”

The distance is still too great. Even the most skilled of the bow cavalry can barely shoot at this range, so the enemy's aim will be all over the place.

Sure enough, their arrows fruitlessly fall to the ground and cause no damage to us. My soldiers could barely hold back their laughter.

“Shall we return fire?”

“That would be a waste of arrows, loose them when you get in range.”

Ally soldiers trot forward and close the distance.

“Pick up the pace!”

If the soldiers were walking briskly, they increased their speed.
I can practically hear the enemy leak out agitated groans.

“Even faster now!”

The soldiers accelerate even further, though their formation is slightly messed up.
They are already within shooting range, and the enemy was about to release their arrows again.

“Fire.”

“-reeeee—!!”

Beating the enemy to the punch, my allied archers and bow cavalry collectively shoot their volley of arrows high in the air. Unlike the amateurish attack earlier, several thousand arrows fly through the air in a nice arc and rain down on the enemy.

“Uwaaaaaah!” “What the heck is this!?”

Their aim is precise and their impact much greater because of how high they were fired in the air. The archer unit acting as their vanguard topple over and their ranks are immediately in disarray.

The commanders would not let a chance like this slip from their grasps.

“Chargeee—!”

“Ooooooooooh—!”

The soldiers roared altogether and dashed forward vigorously.

They didn’t give the enemy time to fire another volley.

The enemy already appeared slightly pressured just from seeing the soldiers run at them.

“Coming! They’re cominggg!”

“Hiiiiih! Mommy-!”

“Uwaaaaah.”

Using their momentum from their dash, the soldiers slashed and swung their spears and swords at the enemy who were holding up their shields, beginning the first of many close-combat fights. We have the numerical advantage so the infantry are colliding in the front while the cavalry are on standby on the flanks. When the enemy starts to collapse and change formation, the cavalry would instantly charge in and disrupt them.

“Well, let’s see what kind of resistance the Malt soldiers can put up.”

The first clash is really just to gauge the enemy’s strength.

“The enemy, they’re collapsing!”

“Haanh!?”

Myla and I look at each other automatically when Celia shouts.

“Collapsed? It hasn’t even been five minutes since we collided with them.”

“But, they’re actually...”

Taking a look at the Malt army, their ranks are already in shambles and they’re running around in confusion. The escaping soldiers are pushing through the soldiers to the rear, while the fallen soldiers get trampled and killed just like that. It isn’t a form of deception or a slight retreat, it’s a genuine rout.

“S-so weak. How are they this weak?”

“Skewering... will have to wait!”

Myla is left dumbfounded while Irijina and I lower the spears we were about to swing.

“The bow cavalry are awaiting orders.”

Since the collapse happened so quickly, Luna came back to ask what they should do.

If we chase them here, we can definitely wipe them out. They are quite far away from their own territory. None of them should be able to return alive if we pursued them

for several days.

“No, let’s not give chase. If there’s a squad which looks like they’ll put up a fight, finish them with arrows.”

“But why!? We should annihilate them in one fell swoop here!”

What Celia is saying is correct.

But Monica must have failed in deceiving her, because Celestina has been peeking her head halfway out of the tent and looking on miserably some time ago.

“That fragility can’t be explained just because they’re weak. I think there’s a reason why their morale is practically nonexistent. “

Tristan chimes in while drinking his tea.

“You’re probably right, so it should be fine to let them escape. Besides, the entire Malt Kingdom might be ruined if we massacre that many of them.”

There are 10,000 enemy soldiers and 200,000 people in the Malt Kingdom.

But the soldiers have families to feed and are farmers in addition to being soldiers, so they’re the working force too.

If that working force all but vanishes, there’s a chance the nation will have no chance of recovery.

“That would be meaningless.”

I brought Celestina to this dangerous battlefield in hopes that I could do something about Malt after all.

“I’ve had enough... of fighting.”

Celestina buries her half-crying face in Monica’s chest.

Don’t worry, if things are as we predicted, there won’t be anymore killing.

We suffer zero casualties from the one-sidedly collapsing enemy.

With the enemy running away so soon and our ally army not giving chase, the total number of enemy casualties stop at a thousand.

We promptly resume our march and drive the retreating enemy away, crossing over the Malt Kingdom border ourselves.

Again, Christoph got hit in the helmet by a stray arrow blown by the wind and fell off his horse, getting knocked out unconscious. He wasn't really hurt elsewhere though.

Side Story: Substitute

"Relax and stay still. I'll give you lots of love."

"Feudal lord-sama... it's a dangerous day for me today..."

"Then bear my child, you prepared?"

"Aah... I will also be a mother... th-thick! It hurrttss!!"

"Endure it, it'll get better soon."

"Aaaah, feudal lord-sama! I adore you, feudal lord-sama! How wonderful... I love youuuu !!"

"Cumming! Uoooh!!"

"Cumminggggg!!"

After the two stop shouting, the still-clothed maid, whose underwear was slid to the side and her breasts exposed, collapses. She asks for one more kiss with an enticing expression, tangling her tongue plenty before falling on the bed and laying her head down.

"Thank you very much, Melissa-san."

"Ah, yeah... I'm happy if you're satisfied."

A soaking wet dildo sticks out from Melissa's crotch. That woman's love juices saturated it to the core, making it look darker in color.

“I don’t think I would be able to get through the times when the feudal lord-sama isn’t here if it weren’t for Melissa-san. I have two others wanting you to help them too...”

“Ah, okay. I’ll be with them after I take a break.”

“Oh good! Everyone’s been lonely without the feudal lord-sama here and have been comforting each other, but it’s not enough at all... also those two seem to enjoy being raped, so it’d be nice if you could force yourself on them. One of them would also like their asshole to be violated.”

“Rape... is it?”

“Melissa-san, you’re really kind... you’re also so attractive, and I might have fallen prisoner to you if I didn’t meet the feudal lord-sama.”

The maid squeals as she adjusts her clothes, hiding her face and running off. Melissa, now left alone, sighs after drinking some water from her cup.

“Three maids in the day... Catherine and Maria at night...”

She slumps her shoulders and pulls the dildo out of her body.

“Why did it become like this... why did it become like this—!?”

Melissa’s scream resonates in the room, unheard by anyone else.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Winter. Wartime.

Commander of Third Army Corps

Subordinate Squad: 22,850

Private Army: 7880

Infantry: 2480, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 3900

Cannons: 7

Kingdom Army – 1 divisions: 14, 970

Military Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Myla (deputy commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi, Tristan (defense army commander), Gido (severely injured)

Current Location: Malt Border

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel, Annihilated the Magrado Army, Defeated Radgalf in man-to-man combat, Capitulated the capital Odoros (joint), Defeated the So-called Powerful Malt Kingdom Army

Chapter 159

Malt Kingdom Invasion ③

Recapturing the Throne

-Aegir POV-

"I see, I see..."

Crossing the border to the Malt Kingdom, our army advances forward careful not to catch up with the escaping enemy while they attack us sporadically. In addition, they poisoned the wells and moved all the food away.

"So they're copying you?"

"Please don't group me with them."

Tristan grumbles.

I guess that's true, they're not really picking the right terrain to conduct their occasional attacks.

The small unit trying to sneak up on us in the open field where we have such an unobstructed view means that they will only get chased away over and over by the bow cavalry and writhe in pain.

Moreover, we scattered a cavalry unit around our main force as sentries, so they get trapped instead and ambushed more often than not. It doesn't have any effect on our march and the enemy is decreasing their numbers for us.

"So the wells and the food too..."

Taking away the food is fine, but they're really just taking it away from the villagers who are still there and starving them. As a result, the villagers sought us for help and even told us where an unpolluted watering hole was. We carried food on our own in the first place. The supply carried by the transport corps should be enough to support us for one or two weeks assuming it's not a long expedition.

“So there’s clean water over here?”

“Yeeaah... there’s a fresh lake on the other side of the hill... aaau! D-don’t stop, please! The woman... from ten years ago... the woman is coming backkk!!”

“You mean you’ve been in a drought for ten years? For such a nice woman, it’s such a waste. Then how’s this?”

“Hiiiiih–! So thicccccck! My breasts... my nipples, pinch themmm!”

“Hahaha, what a cute woman.”

In exchange for fucking her and injecting my seed in her, this widow who lost her husband ten years ago told me whatever I wanted to know. The location of the watering hole is an important piece of information, but there’s something else I’m more curious about.

“As expected, they don’t hate Celestina.”

“Yes, then it should work.”

Myla comments while nodding.

The cities and even the farming villages don’t particularly hate Celestina. The Malt Kingdom being the stable farming nation it is without frequent conscription or change of tax makes it so the citizens don’t think much about the monarchy.

Things like the coronation of a young Queen, the chaotic distribution of ranks, and the whimsical diplomacy don’t really affect the citizens’ lives directly. Since their own lifestyles are not negatively affected, there’s no reason to hate a Queen like this cute sun of a girl. The rebellion was caused by the nobles and soldiers unhappy with the country. It doesn’t seem to have anything to do with the people.

“In fact, the recent conscription seems to have caused much dissatisfaction. They have the worst impression of those brothers. And that man named Brutus doesn’t seem to be involved with the current expedition.”

“Looks like it. Then shall we proceed as planned?”

“Yeah, they’ll probably run all the way to the capital. Biado has quite the sturdy walls...”

I take a glance at the cannons and catapults being pulled along on the wagon. They were used in the Magrado war, but now that the war is over and order is being restored, the 1st and 2nd division army corps let us borrow a large amount of unneeded siege weapons.

“I hope we don’t have to use them.”

Their siege weapons are more just to threaten rather than a trump card. Our trump card is taking an afternoon nap in the carriage right now after finishing some snacks.

“Then shall we head out while maintaining a distance away... honestly, their pace is so slow that our soldiers feel like they’re on an excursion.”

“Even so, it’s faster than when they came. Right, Tristan?”

“Yes, it’s more than twice their initial marching speed. They’re probably desperately trying to run away.”

“That’s desperate... is it? Now I understand how important training is. By the way, Lord Hardlett?”

“What is it?”

“What do you plan to do with that woman at your feet?”

“I wonder what I should do.”

“Aaahn... Hardlett-sama, please take me with you. I’ll be your lover or your slave or whatever~”

The widow clings to my leg, seemingly captivated by me after we did it just once together. She glues herself to me, pleading for me to keep her by my side by saying she would do anything I ask.

Apparently, she doesn’t have any family left here.

“Then get on the transport corps wagon, I’ll bring you along as my woman after the

fight is over.”

Overjoyed, she hugs me and lowers my pants so she could service me with her mouth, but Celia throws her out.

“Well, there’s only a short distance left... until the capital.”

-Third Person/Malt POV-

Malt Kingdom, Capital: Biado

“Cowaarrrrrrrrd!!”

Pablo kicks a chair over, pulls out a sword and knocks down all the objects on top of a shelf. After that, he tries to overturn a table but because he isn’t strong enough, he knocks down a maid instead.

“Bringing double the number of soldiers with him is a spineless move! Coward! This is behavior a military man should not have!!”

“Which one is...”

Pablo turns around thinking the one who threw a snide remark at him was Hilario, but he only saw fellow soldiers there.

“Who was it...”

Everyone remains silent, pretending not to know who it was, but they didn’t avert their eyes in fear like they’ve always done in the past. All of their eyes are locked on Pablo.

“What... you think I’m responsible for our loss or something!?”

Nobody agrees or disagrees with him, but they all continue to stare at Pablo. Their eyes are clearly telling him “yes, it’s your fault”.

“Your Highness ordered a swift retreat, which is probably why there are fewer

casualties among friend and foe.”

One of the soldiers spoke up.

“What did you say!?”

Pablo grabs the man by the lapels intending to punch him, but seeing the soldier’s absolutely unfaltering gaze, Pablo releases him.

If it was just a simple defeat, there might not be such a mood in the air. But Hilario ran away as soon as he saw battle resume and judged their own army would likely suffer defeat from the appearance of twice the number of enemy soldiers, causing Pablo to succumb to his anxiety and take command from the rear while running away with his close aides.

In the first place, the soldiers were rounded up without any desire for war and suffered many hard times up until now so their morale was never improved. Now that their commander ran away at the sight of the number of enemy forces, the soldiers couldn’t manage their ranks anymore. The entire army instantly crumbled and it was just like a scene from a military play where an army got routed.

The other commanders didn’t have any plans either and they understood that it could only be mercy on the Goldonian army’s part which allowed the majority of them to return home alive. The soldiers never had any reason to respect Pablo in the first place besides him being royalty, but now their disgust and disappointment turned into anger and hatred.

“The Goldonian army is gradually surrounding the capital! Multiple catapults are being mounted.”

The lookout’s voice resounded in the middle of the silence.

“Catapults!? That devil, does he intend to burn the entire city down!? Someone propose a good idea or my capital will be burned to the ground!”

“ .. ”

Pablo was answered with silence, perhaps because the other soldiers had nothing to tell a foolish coward or they really had no other move to make.

“Let’s surrender, Your Highness.”

Everyone turned to look for the voice they were so accustomed to. The person standing there was Brutus, who is walking on his own though accompanied by a walking stick.

“Ooh, Brutus! If it’s you, this situation can be overcome... wait, what did you just say?”

“Let’s surrender, Your Highness. That is the only way for this city and Your Highness to survive.”

“Ridiculous! Can I do something as shameful as surrendering!? And that guy is trying to steal my spot on the throne, meaning the Malt royalty will become extinct!”

A slight smile emerged on the faces of a few people.

That was scorn towards him for claiming the throne yet not earning it.

But Brutus wanted to continue the conversation so he didn’t deny what was said.

“Your Highness, the situation is already one where it’s better if he took the throne from Your Highness or if the capital is burned down. We have no other option but to surrender and count on their kindness.”

“No way, no way! We still have 8000 remaining with us! Didn’t you tell me in the past that more than triple the amount of forces is needed for a castle siege!? This city can still hold up!”

“That is only when our forces are brimming with fighting spirit. Our side has already...”

The fear of the continuous ambush attacks, a shortage of food and contaminated water... and also defeat. It’s quite doubtful whether the soldiers who escaped can defend with only a third of the enemy’s numbers.

“You’re diverging from your own restrictions conveniently... enough, I’ll execute you this time! Guards, bring this man to the guillotine...”

Pablo shouts, but nobody moves.

It is unknown what will be given away when they surrender. But at the very least, nobody is against having Pablo’s head be part of the package.

It was at that moment the soldiers near the castle walls start making a fuss. Everyone gulps thinking that the enemy attack is finally upon them, but something seems off.

All of them hurry outside.

“...Everyone, I don’t want to fight any more than this! I don’t want the citizens or the soldiers to die! I’m asking you to please surrender!!”

The soldiers were petrified at the familiar voice. In front of the castle stood a young girl with a small body, shouting with tears running down her face.

-Aegir POV-

Goldonian Camp

“I promise that the city won’t be burned and nobody will be killed. Even though I’m powerless to do anything, I will promise this. That’s why, please... please... waaaaaaah!”

Overcome with emotion, Celestina burst into tears.

At first, I thought it would be dangerous for her, but the thing she really wanted to do actually matched my desire to avoid any bloodshed so I let her do as she pleased.

I thought it would too intimidating if I stood beside her so I dropped her off a short distance away from me so I could always rush in to protect her when the time comes. There doesn’t seem to a single archer with their bow ready though.

“It’s a promise from me too. If you obediently open up the gates, I’ll treat you leniently. Don’t make the girl cry anymore.”

The soldiers whisper to each other, mulling it over while comparing the little girl with the catapults and army directly behind her.

This might actually work.

“You bastard–!! Traitooorr!”

Pablo's yelling destroys the current atmosphere as he nocks an arrow and pulls the bowstring taut, aiming straight at Celestina. The arrow he loosed flies accurately towards Celestina, perhaps coincidentally.

The arrow approaches the head of the girl staring blankly with tears in her wide-open eyes, the arrowhead touching the tiny forehead of the girl... then stops in place.

"Just barely made it."

The arrow is held in my hand. I stopped it right when it touched Celestina's forehead, grabbing it tightly before it could do any damage.

"Your Majestyyy!"

Monica rushes out and hugs Celestina while glaring at me.

"Aah... did your face get injured!? There's nothing... thank goodness. Monica would die if something happened to Your Majesty!! Lord Hardlett! This is all because you brought her to such a dangerous place! Aah, Your Majesty, it was scary, right? Let's go eat some sweets and take an afternoon nap over there, Monica will tell you some interesting stories. Once you wake up, you'll forget all these unpleasant things."

Monica instantly envelopes the girl – it's because you treat her in this way that she's become ignorant of the ways of the world.

It looks like something is happening on top of the wall.

"Uwah! What are you doing, stop it!"

"You idiot! I've reached my limit!" "Anyone who can shoot an arrow at a child is trash!"

"Tie him up!!"

The soldiers pounce on Pablo after he fired his arrow and holds him and the bow down.

"It's over, isn't it. High-handedness and defeat, with the finisher being the arrow shot at the girl pleading for peace. "

Seeing how the danger has lifted, Tristan steps forward.

“Yeah.”

The royalty is rushed down and restrained.

That was a clear rebellion from the soldiers and it affected everyone like a wildfire spreading on the open plains.

“The gate is opening.”

Looking at the place where there was nobody making a fuss, none of the soldiers were against the opening of the gates. The doors opened slowly and we were welcomed in.

“Celestina, Your Majesty, are you hurt?”

“I’m fine.”

“We... what should we say...”

“I am also at fault, no need to trouble yourself.”

“Then we should die to apologize-!”

“Stop it! You will make me cry!”

I let Celestina ride on my shoulders while I’m on my horse and when we walk around, everyone starts calling out to her.

Schwartz is already taller than most horses, but being on my shoulders as well means that many of the nation’s people and soldiers should see Celestina.

Their reaction was favorable for the most part and you wouldn’t think that she was the former King who was chased out. On the other hand, Pablo is tied up with a rope and being pulled along. I thought for sure he would curse at us, but he must be scared of the soldiers rebelling against him again because he’s white as a sheet and doesn’t say a word. Well, he’d have to give up and accept this poetic justice.

Accompanying Celestina inside the palace, the Imperial Guard comes to us. They adjust their spears and protect us by lining up around us.

“Fuuni... thank... you.”

“You didn’t even blame us for our disloyalty, thanks is unnecessary. “

The Imperial Guards start breaking down when they see Celestina smiling in tears. I

don't think they're fit to be guards, but it might be better for Malt to be like this. They were never a country suited to fighting wars to begin with.

We walk through the palace and finally reach the front of the throne.
Brutus and Hilario were there kneeling in her presence.
I guide Celestina, who looks like she wants to say something, to throne.

"Hauu..."

"Now, go ahead and take a seat."

With my urging, Celestina slowly lowers herself on the throne.

"Her Majesty Celestina! Banzai!"

Some people who appear to be the ministers raise their hands.

"Hurray for Her Majesty Celestina's return!"
"Long live the Malt Kingdom!" "Long live the Queen!"

The voices extolling Celestina started within the palace but eventually spread through the entire city, enveloping us in the loud cheers from all of Biado.

"More than half was acting though."

In any case, there are more than 20,000 soldiers even with just us here. It's more than the population of Biado citizens so it's easy enough to lead them into doing something. But I won't say anything.

"Go out there."

Celestina stands up and pulls my hand, taking me outside. I don't know whether she's gotten everything under control, but her small hand is trying its best to pull me. The commoners and regular soldiers gather in the plaza in front of the palace.

"Everyone, hear me out."

The loud cheers quieted down so her voice could be heard.

“I was the King before too... but I wasn’t good... because of that, father and... grandpa too...”

Some people can be heard shouting “I’m sorry” or “we were foolish”.

“It is not any of your faults. It’s because I was foolish and a child.”

“You’re better than Pablo”, “Cuteness is justice!” – she really has a favorable impression as expected.

“I don’t hate any of you soldiers or citizens-! I do not. I am sorry for getting you involved in the royal family’s dispute!”

Celestina bows her head deeply.

The citizens and soldiers let out a sound indistinguishable between cheers and shouts. It’s unheard of for a King to lower their head to a commoner, but they should understand somehow if it’s this young girl.

“Please lift your head, Your Majesty!” “We don’t resent Your Majesty at all.” “Glory be to the kind-hearted Queen.”

“Prosperity to the future Malt Kingdom.” “A cute girl, haahaa”

“From now on I will borrow the strength of my new brother... Hardlett-dono... and I’ll work hard!!”

“Ooooooooooh-!”

The heart of the people, normally captured through prosperity and charity, has been captured through just words and gestures this time. This quality isn’t something she gained through hard work alone, what a remarkable girl.

I’ll also remember the last person of the Imperial Guard who shouted, he might make a mess of something in the future.

And thus, the incident with the Malt Kingdom is settled with Celestina returning to the throne.

But not everything is cleaned up yet.

Kneeling in front of us in ropes are Pablo, Hilario, Brutus and the other commanders who participated in the rebellion. If it was left up to the kind Celestina, everyone would

be acquitted. I need to act as the villain in her place.

Side Story: A Citizen's Reception, A Little Bit Earlier

"Feudal Lord-samaa!"

Not long after demolishing the Malt Kingdom's invading army, I heard a young woman's voice when I was setting up camp. Turning back, I find a daughter of some peasants who were taking refuge from the war.

I hold back the escorts from trying to stop her. The young woman is overflowing with tears of happiness as she approaches me.

The female who jumped into my chest was about 15-16 years old.

"It was so scary! I ran into the forest... and the enemy past through right in front of my eyes... then the feudal lord-sama finally came."

I pat her head to comfort her.

Because she doesn't stop crying, I lift up her chin and kiss her. I also stick my tongue in her mouth and twirling it around while fondling her breasts.

"Aah... feudal lord-sama?"

"Sorry, I tend to get carried away with cute girls... huh?"

"Cute? Ehehe... it's just like the rumors~"

"Ahem."

Turning around after I hear someone clear their throat, I see a middle-aged couple and two children – so they're the girl's parents and siblings.

With an "Arara", the mother smiles, but it seems the father doesn't know what to think about this situation.

"It's not important?"

“No, everyone in the family is safe... but they burned down our house.”

“Once the battle is over, I’ll have it rebuilt. Until then, try to get by with just a tent.”

Oh that’s it. Something can be done as long as they aren’t dead. It only increases Adolph’s work anyways.

“So... about my daughter...”

“Mu, sorry.”

My hand unconsciously moves to her breasts and caresses her gently. The woman’s expression slowly melts and she starts to moan.

They want her to return to their home, but the girl clings to my waist and doesn’t leave my side.

“J-just a little longer... if you like, we can talk in the feudal lord-sama’s tent...”

“De-Denise? What are you saying?”

It’s clearly an invitation for night time activities.

The mother steps forward in response to the confused father.

“That’s fine, go ahead and have a good talk for the night.”

“H-hey!”

“You sure?”

“Denise is already 16 so she’s at the age where she can be with men. I’ve heard the feudal lord-sama is quite adept at handling women so there’s no better person who she can be with.”

“But...”

“Thank you mama! Let’s go, feudal lord-sama.”

The mother sends her off and wishes her luck by waving, while the father remains doubtful.

Well, if they're giving her to me, I'll gladly accept.

"Kyaa! So thiiiicck!!"

Without doing anything out of the ordinary, I slowly penetrate her in the missionary position with my meat rod and Denise writhes around. But I'm pinning her down quite well so the slender girl couldn't get away from my dick.

"If you struggle, it'll hurt. Here, I'll kiss you."

"Nnnh-! Nnn... nh..."

We've kissed many time today already but it calms her down.

Because I've done such a thorough job of caressing her, her insides are pretty wet. Her hole looks too small though.

"Feudal lord-samaa... you're too biiigg."

"Sorry about that."

I push my hips forward slightly while saying that. The tip of my dick pushes against a soft barrier, probably the proof of her virginity.

"Won't I break?"

"It'll be fine, a woman's hole is made for this purpose."

"Kay, I'll leave it to the feudal lord-sama. If possible, when I lose it, in my ear..."

I embrace Denise's entire body and push out my hips all the way forward. I then bring my lips to her ear.

"I love you, Denise."

"Aaah-! I-it hurts! But... I'm happy!!"

There was a tearing sound when she loses her virginity accompanied by her screams of pain, but the girl looks happy. It seems women find it unbearable when you whisper words of love in their ear.

“My stomach is bulging outttt! You’re kidding... Your penis is all the way up to here!?”

“That’s right, I’ll be directing my seed to your womb here.”

“My hole’s gonna break... feudal lord-sama... my insides are killing meee.”

“This is nothing, women give birth to children from here. It’s better if it gets stretched out a bit.”

I crawl my tongue along her neck and bite lightly.

“Hiiiihn! It feels tingly...”

“Let your body feel tingly. A woman’s happiness is waiting if you do.”

The night is long, let’s enjoy ourselves.

The Next Morning

“Good morning Mama, Papa.”

“Ara... Denise, the air about you has changed?”

“Ufufu, you think so? I also became an adult~”

“D-did you get hurt? Was he rough on you!? How about your hole...”

“Papa, you’re too persistent.”

Denise and her mother seem to be on good terms with everything that happened but Denise’s father looks on with a little bit of hostility. If you think about it, it’s natural since I did sleep with his daughter last night.

I take out a sheet of paper and write something on it.

“When you have your house rebuilt, show this to them.”

In return for her virginity, I'll allow a slightly more extravagant house with more room to be built for them.

I can hear the mother and child talking behind the father.

"So... how was it? The infamous thing of the feudal lord-sama."

"It's a little thicker than an arm and it's about this long."

"You're lying! There's no way it could be that thick and big..."

"It's true! Not to mention it was really hard and the tip was all swollen."

"Amazing... just like the rumors... did it hurt?"

"It did. But when he played with my breasts and vagina, it felt really good... I melted after all."

"He's good at caressing too..."

"His last ejaculation was incredible like 'byuu, byuu'. It made my stomach expand so much."

"He's got an unbelievably huge dick, his technique is amazing and he's got a boatload of semen...? Aah, I wish I was Denise's age too."

"What are you saying? Mama has Papa, right!?... by the way, how big is he?"

"...about this big. Even when he's really turned on, it's like this."

"So tiny! It's really like that!?"

"It isn't really that small! It's just the feudal lord-sama's thing is too amazing, so don't use him as a standard when Denise tries to find a boyfriend later, okay? With his size and the amount of seed, it's like you slept with an orc."

"Dear? Denise?"

The father's grief is deep.

Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Winter. Wartime (finished)
Commander of Third Army Corps
Subordinate Squad: 22,850

Private Army: 7880
Infantry: 2480, Cavalry: 500, Archers: 700, Engineers: 300, Bow Cavalry: 3900
Cannons: 7

Kingdom Army – 1 divisions: 14, 970

Military Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Myla (deputy commander), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander of the bow cavalry), Pipi, Tristan (zzz), Gido (rehabilitating)

Current Location: Biado

Achievements: Capitulated Port Randel, Annihilated the Magrado Army, Defeated Radgalf in man-to-man combat, Capitulated the capital Odoros (joint), Defeated the So-called Powerful Malt Kingdom Army

Chapter 160

Malt's Future

-Aegir POV-

The battle with Malt Kingdom is now over and I entered into a peace contract with the girl who returned to the throne. It might be called a peace contract, but Celestina just agreed to the conditions which I gave her without any particular negotiations. With 20,000 soldiers of my army in the capital, the civil officials could no longer speak out.

The people responsible for the invasion, the brothers Pablo and Hilario, and Brutus will be handed over to us. All their assets will be given to me and their territory will be bought by the royalty to pay for war expenses or used for reparations. The once frozen trade will also start up again.

The moment these conditions were told to the civil officials, they all questioned anguishingly whether it was all I wanted. That was how nice the conditions were.

But these were the conditions Leopolt already decided. The Malt Kingdom has no special industry and is really just a farming nation. Besides their wheat coming back into the market, there's no reason to cede any territory for them.

There isn't much meaning to include their population as a part of our military forces either.

"...The disposition of their citizens are not suited for battle in the first place. Even if the area was taken over by another party, the people wouldn't provide much in terms of support."

Is what Myla said.

There's also the secret agreement... the promise I made specifically with Celestina. But if the civil servants knew what it was about, they'd all flip.

After signing the contract myself, it became night.

“Brother, let’s get in the bath together.”

“Yeah, sure.”

It was only Celestina and I who entered the wide bathroom of Biado’s royal palace. Normally, attendants and Monica would enter as well but they were sent away today.

I sit cross-legged in the center of the large bathtub and the cute Celestina plops herself on top of me. Her ass is sat directly on top of my dick, but it’s not like it’ll get hard from a 10 year old girl’s body. Our bodies are sticking to each other, but I’m only gently patting her head.

Celestina then mumbled something.

“I’m scared. Citizens died because of my stupidity... and I caused much trouble to brother as well... what should I be doing as the King from now on...”

She buries her face into my chest and sobs.

It won’t be good if I let her attendants see her like this.

“I’m jealous of Nonna, Carla and the others. They have brother to protect them.”

I can’t be beside Celestina all the time as long as she remains on the throne.

“They’re my women and it’s a man’s job to protect his own women.”

“Muu... I am brother’s...”

As if remembering something, Celestina lights up and a smile returns to her face.

“Brother! Is it alright if I lick brother’s dick?”

“Hanh?”

I made a strange sound.

What is this girl saying?

“If I become brother’s woman as well, brother will protect me! To become your

woman, I heard all sorts of things need to be done to your dick.”

Who’s the one who taught her this?

Perhaps one of the maids who don’t stop talking saw an opening when Monica wasn’t looking and imparted some strange knowledge to her. Either that or the shameless Leah, I guess.

“My special place here is too small for brother to enter, that’s why I’ll use my mouth to lick it!”

After Celestina said that, she gets off my lap and turns to face me, reaching her hands under the water and towards my dick.

“Uuu, I can’t keep my eyes open in the water. Move over here...”

I was sat on the edge of the bathtub and Celestina climbs in between my legs. I don’t know if it’s a good idea to teach a 10 year old girl about a man, but maybe it’s fine if she’s only going to lick my dick.

I need to wait several more years for that. Right now is a little too soon, but I’ll teach her a little.

“Fuuni... what should I be doing...”

“First, grab it with both hands. That’s right, it’ll be hard for you to put it in your mouth so use your tongue to lick the tip.”

“Like this?”

She uses her small tongue and drags it across the tip of my dick.

Curious as to whether she’s doing it correctly, she gazes upward at me while desperately licking my gland. It might not be erect yet, but my meat rod is still big compared to her and it looks more like it’s resting on her than her grabbing it.

“Nn, that’s good. If you got the hang of it, focus on the opening near the tip. I’ll be happy if you prod that place with your tongue.”

“Umu! Got it! “

Just like I told her, she concentrates her attacks on my urethra, narrowing her tongue

and pushing it in my dick.

“Oooh, that’s quite nice.”

Celestina has the potential to be extremely skilled in doing this. I didn’t tell her anything else, but she’s holding my cock with one hand and licking the tip while cupping my balls with her other hand. My balls might be too much to hold for her tiny hand, but the slight pain turns into pleasure as well.

“Aaau, it’s swelling...”

“It’s feeling good. Besides, Celestina is cute. Next, can you go under and lick the shaft too?”

“Like this?”

She licks my erect cock from the bottom. How impure it is to have a little girl lick a dick as big as her own face while she looks up at you.

Even though I don’t have a thing for little girls, this is unbearably good.

“It’s feeling better. Rub it with both hands while licking the tip.”

““Kay.”

Her petite hands rub my dick and her saliva mixes with the pre-cum oozing from my tip to make a sticky, rhythmical sound.

The stimulation from the powerless girl is rather weak though.

“It’s fine to rub it harder. Even if you use your nails, it’ll just add to the stimulation.”

“Really? It doesn’t hurt?”

“Yeah, it got hard because Celestina’s so cute.”

“It really is hard. It’s as hard as a rock... something this hard went inside Nonna and the other maids too?”

I guess she was peeking when I did it with the other girls.

She grips tightly and digs her nails into my dick and enthusiastically services my dick with her mouth.

Her skills are still amateurish, but the feeling of her small hands and lips and the upward glance and childish smile produce an immoral pleasure deep within my body.

“Nnmu! Your balls moved and I felt a pulse!?”

“My seed... has risen up... uu... I’m about to cum Celestina, get covered in it!”

I thought she would resist a little to having me cum in her mouth, so I take it away from her lips, grab her head and stroke my own cock.

It was at that moment when my semen rose up all the way to the tip and was about to gush out.

“Your Majesty? It isn’t a good idea to stay in the bath for too long..... Hiiiiiiiiih!!”

Worried about the length of time the girl was in the bath, Monica entered the room. When she did, my semen burst out of my dick and dyed Celestina’s entire face and chest white.

“Uoooh!”

“Waah! What is this!? It’s hot... and sticky... and smells weird.”

“Y-y-you sprayed Her Majesty-! With your dirty fluids! A-awawa! Abbahbbhh!!!”

When I finished letting out my thick cum, I take a break and submerge my body in the water.

“Fuuu, that was nice. It felt good, Celestina.”

“Umu, I’m happy that brother felt good too! Nevertheless, this is some odd liquid... slrup... bleh, it tastes horrible.”

It might be too early for a child to taste it.

“Kuhkka—!!”

Monica shouts and collapses to the floor.

“You insolent man! You child-loving pervert! Guards! Take this sinner away...”

You do realize the soldiers in the palace right now are under my command, right?

“Stop this, Monica.”

“Your Majesty, you are being deceived! You must not let this rascal trick you and put his filthy male thing in your mouth... it’s my mistake for letting you out of my sight!”

“Don’t say rude things about brother! I asked brother to let me lick his dick.”

Monica’s jaw drops in shock.

I won’t get tired of watching her reactions.

She has an intenseness comparable to even my unique lovers.

“Why did you commit a folly that only a lewd woman would do!?”

“I am still only a child, surely someone who doesn’t have the power to protect the citizens. That’s why I want brother to protect them. In order to get brother to do that, I thought I would become one of his women... and I was slightly interested in these dirty... er nevermind!”

“However-!” “That’s why-!” “What?”

“I love both Monica and brother. I want the two of you to get along better. That’s why...”

Monica’s face turns pale, while my dick swells in anticipation.

“Monica will get embraced by brother too!”

“Sure.”

“Noooooooooooo!!”

“Uuu... it’s an order from Her Majesty, so it can’t be helped! Don’t misunderstand anything!”

“Leave it to me, I’ll make you feel good.”

“Like I said, I don’t care about that!”

The slightly flushed Celestina lays face down outside the bathtub and kneels on the edge while watching as Monica guides the dick sticking its head out of the water towards her own hole.

She might be refusing on the surface but she didn’t resist as I caressed her and got wet enough. Monica has an overprotective nature but remains absolutely obedient to Celestina, so she can’t say no if she was told to sleep with someone.

“Aaah... my virginity...”

“Don’t worry, I’ll show you a good time.”

“Leave it to brother.”

“Ku... forgive me for my regret, Your Majesty... aaah-! It’s thick!”

Monica lowered her hips with the intent of getting it inside in one motion, but it was thicker than she imagined so she wasn’t able to get it in like she wanted. It looks like she’s in pain too. At this rate, I would be letting her suffer.

“Let me help. Relax.”

Now that I’m up close and personal, Monica has soft-looking breasts and ass. And yet her waist is slim. It doesn’t give off a tightened feeling, but she’s extremely attractive as a woman. Not to mention, the fact she’s kept her virginity until 22 years of age stirs up my arousal even more. I want to taste her insides with my dick, so I urge her to hurry up.

I hold her hips tightly and fix her in place.

“Aah! Don-, I’ll do it myself!”

“You don’t have to... hold back !”

While her waist is stationary, I push my own hips up and tear through her virgin hole. The feeble resistance from her hymen was mercilessly destroyed and my rod instantly buries itself inside.

“Kyaaaah!! So thick! So long!”

Monica throws her head back and her thighs tremble uncontrollably, eventually giving out and pushing my cock deeper into her body.

“It feels so soft and it coils around me nicely, what a nice hole.”

I gyrate my hips slowly so I can enjoy how it feels.

Perhaps it is has something to do with losing her virginity, but her insides are convulsing, and her body which lacks muscle is providing me with a soft stimulation.

“With this, Monica has become one of brother’s women too!”

“Uuuu... I can no longer become a bride. You better take responsibility.”

Of course.

I’ll teach the depths of your body to never forget what a real man feels like, and even let you bear my child if you want.

“Right now, why don’t you just enjoy it.”

“Kyaa!”

I let go of Monica’s waist and only use my hips to bounce her up and down. The screaming woman tries to hold onto something, but there’s nothing besides my bare chest for her to rest her hands on, so she sways back and forth unsteadily.

It seemed like she would slide off several times, but my dick penetrated quite deep and the tip has dug itself inside so it’ll take more than that to tip her over. Monica’s weight can easily be supported with only my dick.

Even though she might understand she wouldn’t fall off, Monica still felt scared being in such a precarious position and searched for a place to support herself.

For that, I offer her my hands.

“Ah... uu.”

She brushed my hands aside thinking I was going to grab her, but that’s not what I meant.

Eventually, Monica realized my intentions and stacked her hands on mine with a sullen

look.

I weave my fingers in between hers and hold her hands, swinging my hips in the cowgirl position. She no longer refuses and it only looks like love-making between lovers.

“How is it? Is the pleasure building up?”

“You’re sly... this is how a man and a woman who love each other would connect...”

“I love you though.”

“Don’t spew your lies! That’s the first I’ve heard of that!”

“I just started to love you now after all.”

“I’m sure I’m just one of many, right?”

“Of course. But it doesn’t diminish how much I love you.”

After Monica stares at me for a while, she slowly closes her eyes. It seems like she’s finally chosen to fully accept me. I slow down the movement of my hips and let her body fall towards me, then kiss her while holding her hands.

“Monica... I’m so jealous... I want his dick to enter this place too.”

If it penetrates Celestina’s vagina, her hole will end up connected with her asshole. Well, if it can fit inside Pipi, then maybe...

Just imagining it makes my meat rod swell up, prompting Monica to let out a squeal. I’m still holding her hands tightly while sucking on her breasts.

Rather than changing the way my hips move, I thrust up strongly while rubbing Monica’s weak point which I discovered while in the middle of having sex in the past.

“Aahhaa! W-why do you...”

Why do I know about it?

Before she was able to finish her sentence, I thrust up even more and turn her words into moans.

“You were playing with this part when touching yourself... you like this, don’t you?”

“Hiiiiih! How did something like this get found out...”

I don’t sleep with a bunch of girls just for show.

I could just bring her to climax like this, but I want her to be the one who does it.

Once again, I reduce the movements of my hips.

“Eh? Why are you stopping?”

“Rub the place you feel the best yourself.”

“...how cunning.”

Monica complains but separates one of her entangled hands and throws her head back, placing a hand on my leg while rocking her hips furiously.

“Nnh! This spot! Ah, aahn! Nnh, nnh, nnnah!!”

She must be rubbing a nice spot, her moans are getting louder and louder.

Eventually, she gets the hang of it and holds her own ass while pushing her hips, craving for an even more intense stimulation.

Monica’s entire body spasms and twitches.

She’s close now.

“Cum whenever you want. I’ll match your timing.”

“Nnnaaaah! Not inside! I’m not ready to get preg-... nannntt!”

“Then pull it out when you’ve come, I’ll release it if you remain on top.”

“Aau! Haauuu! Cumming, I’m cumming!”

Monica starts drooling and swinging her hair around as she moves her hips for the final moment, eventually dropping her hips down forcefully to take me in as much as she can, then collapses forward onto me. Her breathing is rough and her hole clenches down sporadically while her erect nipples and clitoris, which show her obvious state

of arousal, rest on my body. As expected, that would make me want to ejaculate.

“I’m about to cum, if getting pregnant will trouble you, pull out.”

“R-right... huh? Eh? No wayyy!?! I can’t!?”

Monica tries to lift her hips up slowly but isn’t able to pull my dick out. Because I got too turned on, my dick got even bigger inside her and the tip is digging into her like the hook of an arrowhead so she can’t remove it.

“Wait, why!? It’s too thick... I can’t pull it out!!”

“Monica? You want brother’s children?”

As she tries to take my dick out, her movements in fact become stimulation and causes my dick to swell, bringing me to the point of eruption.

“Aaah... that feels good. So you want my seed that much?”

“That’s not it! This thing-! Eeei-!”

Monica desperately tries to separate herself, but because she recently experienced orgasm herself, she can’t summon up any strength. And then finally, my meat rod starts twitching.

“Cumming...”

“You can’t ! Endure it, don’t let it out !!”

“Sorry, but it’s too late, just give up.”

Monica makes a big fuss, but she’s unable to move it an inch as I hold her shoulders. She heaves a big sigh as her body falls over and relaxes as if she’s given up.

“Uugh.”

“Ah...”

“Wah, the sound of something squirting out is amazing.”

“Ooooh...”

“Aaaah...”

“The penis is going ‘byuu byuu’ and pulsing so much. Ahahaha, so amusing.”

Monica’s stomach expands and my dick shrinks, falling out after finishing its job of releasing my seed. As it does, a large amount of seed flows back out, returning the woman’s stomach back to normal.

“...it came out.”

“Uuuu, I’ll get pregnant...”

“If Monica becomes pregnant with brother’s child, I will be happy too.”

After expelling its load, my dick has returned to its initial size. I thrust it in front of Monica.

The woman was shocked for an instant, but she understood what I wanted and puffed her cheeks out before crawling her tongue along the length of my shaft. Celestina also joins in from the side and the two of them cleans up the juices covering my dick.

“Celestina, Monica, you two are my women from now on. I won’t be with you all the time, but I’ll come save you whenever you need it.”

“I have high expectations.” “It’s a promise.”

“So Celestina, do you have anything about the country you don’t understand?”

“...I don’t understand anything. Everything was done by grandpa and father after all.”

She looked sad for a brief moment. She returned to the throne, yet the people dear to her aren’t here. I kiss the nape of the girl who’s looking down and rub her smooth¹ ass. Happy I’m treating her like a woman, she cheers up a little bit and her expression relaxes.

I hug the still-dissatisfied Monica close and squeeze her breasts too.

My limp dick resting on top of Celestina’s head starts pulsing again in a rhythmical

fashion.

“Aahn... ah, what outrageous thing are you doing to Her Majesty... no, well at this point, does it even matter?”

I have to confirm something in order to protect Celestina and Monica, the new girls I've acquired.

First off, I wonder if they know what diplomacy is?

“Diplomacy? Getting along well with the countries next to you? I don't like fighting.”
“That's right, peace is the most important.”

Celestina and Monica both voice the same opinion.
I'm sure if Celestina is here, it'll go well with the surrounding countries.

Military affairs... not likely.

“I hate war.”
“Savage things like that doesn't suit Her Majesty.”

Sure, but what about foreign trade?

“Math... I'm not good at that.”
“Let's learn it slowly, okay?”

Next is regarding the collection of tax.

“Tax? What's that? Is it tasty?”
“It's fine for Your Majesty not to know about it.”

She did hand out ranks like they were nothing as well.

“Fuunii... when people do something good, it makes me want to reward them.”
“Splendid. Your Majesty is truly a kind person.”

Did she enact any laws?

“La-ws?”

“It’s still difficult for Her Majesty.”

I get it now.

As I get out of the bath, Celestina and I agree to some secret conditions:

1. All of Malt Kingdom’s diplomatic decisions will need Count Hardlett’s advice and approval before being carried out.

(Further instances of Malt Kingdom shortened to M, Count Hardlett to H)

2. M’s army composition and deployment will be done on H’s advice and will be done on a joint basis during wartime.

However, command of the entire army will be given to H.

3. All foreign trade conducted by M will be reported to H.

Also, trade between both our nations will always be put ahead of other countries.

4. M’s national tax rate for population and harvest will be reported to H in advance and collected only after H’s approval.

5. H’s approval is required whenever M confers peerage, raises ranks or strips ranks.

6. H’s approval is needed before M enacts any laws.

If H determines a matter to be important, H can appoint himself as the judge in charge of the case.

And that should be good enough.

Stabilizing Celestina’s foundation went faster than I thought.

Next I have to head over to Trisnea, the capital of former Treia. I just received a notice that a trial is being held for the Magrado royalty and nobles and royalty of the former Treian Kingdom who escaped.

I wanted to return to Rafen as soon as possible, but as one would expect after Magrado’s royalty surrendered, there were frequent occurrences of the territory nobles and peasants rebelling, making it hard for the local army to return easily.

However, the trial happening in Trisnea is only politically significant and there is still a need for Goldonian soldiers to fill out the area, which is why I, being in the south, need to lead my army corps of 15,000 there no matter what.

On the day I led my troops out of Malt Kingdom, the people of Biado smiled and watched as Celestina chased after me.

“Visit me whenever you want! I’ll be waiting!”

Her small hand waved ceaselessly as she bounced up and down, trying to stand out even if just a little bit more.

“Of course, Your Majesty.”

“Muu, I told you it was fine to call me Celestina.”

There’s no way I could address the King without honorifics and pat her head in front of the people.

“I’ve never seen Her Majesty with such a happy face. How adorable...”

“She really adores Lord Hardlett, doesn’t she... I want to become someone Her Majesty can rely on too.”

“I-it’s no good! I can’t stop my love for Her Majesty. My heart is going to explode!”

As I thought, the people’s feelings towards Celestina isn’t bad.

On the other hand, the army seems unmoved, though there is no opposition towards me probably because no casualties befell the citizens.

Only a small number of people know about the secret conditions between Celestina and I after all.

“So that’s Lord Hardlett? He saved Her Majesty Celestina, right?”

“He seems so much more reliable than His Highness Pablo or Hilario. And I haven’t heard any outrageous rumors about him either.”

“It seems he’s a famous general in the north.”

The south and north parts of the Central plains don’t have much interaction with each other, so rumors haven’t really circulated.

It’s better for me like this.

“How should we address him? Hardlett-sama?”

“Gordonian general-sama?”

“He came from the north, so...”

“Northern...” “General-sama?”

“He seems like a tremendously great person.”

“The great...” “Northern.” “General-sama!?”

““Hurray for the great northern general-sama!”““

A portion of the citizens also call out to me, but it makes me feel off for some reason. I'll just wave back to be friendly.

“Aegir-sama.”

“What’s up, Celia?”

“You ate Monica-san, didn’t you?”

“You can tell?”

“...She’s emitting a womanly smell.”

“She’s a pretty nice woman.”

“And also... a slight scent... from Her Majesty Celestina.”

“...”

“Did you do it? With a kid like that?”

“I didn’t put it in.”

“But you made her lick it?”

“...Well, yeah.”

Celia softly pats her own chest and ass.

Her body has already matured to that of a woman’s.

“I can understand the feelings of the mature Mel-san... the feeling of being pushed aside by a younger woman.”

“You better not say this in front of her. You’ll see blood.”

This will be a secret between just the two of us, but we didn’t realize that Irijina was listening at the time.

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 22 years old. Winter.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Count. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 150,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 18,000. Lintbloom: 3000.

Troops Commanded: 23, 600

Private Army: 8600, Kingdom's Army: 15,000

Assets: Calculating

Weapons: Dual Crater (large sword), Dwarf's Spear, High-grade Steel One-handed Sword

Family: Nonna (pregnant wife), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (Self-declared Sex Slave), Casie (ghost), Miti (betrothed), Alma (just learned), Kroll (just learned), Melissa (lover), Maria (betrothed), Rita (pregnant head maid), Catherine (betrothed), Yoguri (pregnant Neo Neet), Pipi (follower), Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital), Celestina (Malt's Queen), Monica (Lady-in-waiting)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina (daughter), Antonio, Claude, Gilbard (son), Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby (Luna's follower and lover), Myla (peace officer), Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (exhausted domestic affairs official), Gido (sick bed), Tristan (zzz), Claire & Laurie (Official Merchant), Schwartz (horse), Lilian (actress)

Sexual Partners: 140, children who have been born: 31



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